

THE
SPANISH TRAGEDIE:
Containing the lamentable end of *Don Horatio*, and *Bel-imperial*;
with the pittifull death of old *Huronimo*.

Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with
new additions of the Painters part, and
others, as it hath of late been
divers times acted.



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ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter the Ghost of Andrea; and wish him Revenge.

Ghost.



Hen this eternall substaunce of my soule,
Did liue imprisond in my wanton flesh,
Each in their function seruing others need,
I was a Courtier in the Spanish Court :
My name was *Don Anarea*; my discent,
though not ignoble, yet inferiour farre
To gracious fortunes of my tender youth :
For there, in prime and pride of all my yeares,
By dutious seruice, and deseruing loue,
In secret, I possest a worthy Dame,
Which hight sweete *Zel-imperia* by name :
But in the Haruest of my Sommer ioyes,
Deaths Winter nipt the blossomes of my blisse,
Forcing diuorce betwixt my Loue and mee :
For in the late conflict with *Portugale*,
My valour drew me into dangers mouth,
Till life to death, made passage through my woundes.
When I was slaine, my soule descended straight,
To passe the flowing streme of *Acheron*,
But churlish *Charon* onely Boatman there,
Said, that my rites of Buriall not performde,
I might not sit amongst his Passengers.
Ere so had slept three nightes in *Iheris* lappe,
And slackt his smoaking Chariot in her floud,
By *Don Horatio* our Knight-marshals sonne,
My Funerals and Obsequies were done.
Then was the Ferrie-man of Hell content,

The Spanish Tragedie.

To passe mee ouer to the slimie Strand,
That leades to fell *Auernus* ougly waues,
There pleasing *Cerberus*: with hond speach,
I past the perils of the formost porch:
Not farre from hence, amidst ten thousand soules,
Sate *Minos* *Eacus*, and *Radamant*:
To whom no sooner gan I make approch,
To craue a pasport for my wondring Ghost,
But *Minos* in grauen leaues of Lotterie,
Drew foorth the manner of my life and death.
This Knight (quoth hee) both liu'd and died in loue,
And for his loue, tried fortune of the Warres,
And by Warres fortune, lost both loue and life.
Why then (sayd *Eacus*) conuey him hence,
To walke with Louers in our fieldes of loue,
And spend the course of euerlasting time,
Under greene Mirtle trees and Cypers shades.
No, no, (sayd *Radamant*) it were not well,
With louing soules to place a Martialist;
Hee died in Warre, and must to Martiall fieldes:
Where wounded *Tector* liues in lasting paine,
And *Achilles* mermedons to scowre the plaine.
Then *Minos*, mildest censoret of the three,
Made this deuice, to end the difference:
Send him (quoth hee) to our infernall King,
To doome him as best seemes his Maiestie.
To this effect my Pasport strainge was drawne,
In keeping on my way to *Platos* Court,
Through dreadfull shades of euer-glooming night,
I saw more sights then thousand tongues can tell,
Or pennes can write, or mortall heartes can thinke.
Three wayes there were, that on the right hand side,
Was readie way vnto the foresayd fieldes,
Where Louers liue, and bloodie Martialistes:
But either sort containd within his boundes.
The lefthand Path, declining fearefully,
Was ready downefall to the deepest Hell,

Where

The Spanish Tragedie.

Where bloody furies shakes their Whippes of Steele,
And poore *Fixion* turns an endles wheele:
Where Vzurers are choakt with melting gold,
And Wantons are imbracst with ouglie Snakes,
And Murderers greeue with euer-killing woundes,
And Periurde wightes scalded in boyling lead,
And all foule sinnes with tormentes ouerwhelmd:
Twixt these two wayes, I trode the midle path,
Which brought me to the faire *Euzian* greene :
In middst whereof, there standes a stately Tower,
The Walles of Brasse, the Gates of Adamant:
Heere finding *Pluto* with his *Proserpine*,
I shewed my paſport humbled on my knee:
Whereat faire *Proserpine* began to smile,
And begd that onely she might gine my doome:
Pluto was pleasd, and sealde it with a kiffle.
Foorth-with *Renenge* she rounded thee in th'are,
And bade thee lead mee through the gates of Horror,
Where Dreames haue passage in the silent night.
No sooner had she spoke, but we were heere,
I wot not how, in twinckling of an eye.

Renenge.

Then know *Andrea*, that thou art ariued
Where thou shalt see the auther of thy death:
Don Baltazar the Prince of *Portugalo*,
Depriu'd of life by *Bel-imperia*:
Heere sit wee dawne to see the misterie,
And scrue for *Chorus* in this Tragedie.

Enter Spanish King, Generall, Castile, Hieronimo.

King.

Now say Lord Generall, how fares our Campe?
Gen. All well my soueraigne Liege, except some few,
That are deceast by fortune of the Warre.

King. But what portends thy chearefull countenance,
And posting to our presence, thus in haste?
Speake man, haue Fortune gien vs victories?

The Spanish Tragedie.

Gen. Victorie my Liege, and that with little losse,

King. Our Portingales will pay vs tribute then.

Gen. Tribute, and wanted homage there withall.

King. Then blest be heauen, and guider of the heauens,
From whose faire influence such iustice flowes.

Cast. *O mutum dilecta Deo, ibi nihil at alio,*

Et conservare carnato populo gentes

Succumbunt: recti soror est victoria iuris.

King. Thankes to my louing brother of Castile:
But Generall; vnsorde in briefe discourse
Your forme of Battell, and your Warres successe,
That adding all the pleasure of thy newes
Vnto the height of former happynesse,
With deeper wage and greater dignitie.
We may reward thy blisfull chivalrie.

Gen. Where Spaine and Portingale do ioyntly knitte
Their froatiers, leaning on each others bound:
There mette our Armies in their proud aray:
Both furnisht well; beth full of hope and feare:
Both menacing alike with daring shoues,
Both vaunting sundrie colours of deuice,
Both cheerely sounding trumpets, drummes and fifes:
Both raysing dreadfull clamors to the skie,
That vallies, hilles, and riuers made rebound,
And heauen it selfe was frighted with the sound:
Our Battles both were pitcht in squadron forme,
Each corner strongly fensed with winges of shot:
But ere we ioynt and came to push of Pike,
I brought a squadron of our readiest shot
From out our rereward, to begin the fight,
They brought another wing to encounter vs:
Meane while, our Ordinance played on either side,
And Captaines strove to haue their valours triall
Don Peare their chiefe Horsemens Coronell
Did with his Cornet brauely make attempt,
To breake the order of our Battell rankes:
But Don Rogero, worthy man of warre,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Marcht foorth against him with our Muskatires,
And stopt the malice of his fell approch,
While they maintaine hot skirmish too and fro,
Both Battailles ioyne, and fall to handie blowes:
Their violent Shot resembling th' Oceans rage,
When roaring loude, and with a swelling tyde,
It beates vpon the rawpiers of huge Rockes,
And gapes to swallow neighbour bounding landes:
Now while Bellona rageth heere and there,
Thicke stormes of Bullets ran like Winters hayle,
And shuvered Launces, darkt the troubled ayre.

Pede pes, & cuspis cuspis,

Anni sonant annis, vir per irurque viras.

On euerie side drop Captaines to the ground,
And Souldiers lie maimde, some slaine outright:
Heere falles a bodie sunedred from his head:
There legges and armes lie bleeding on the grasse,
Mingled with weapons and vabowed steedes,
That scattering, ouer-spread the purple paine.
In all this turmoyle, thre long howers and more,
The Victorie to neither part inclinde,
Till *Don Andrea* with his braue Launciers,
In their maine Battell made so great a breach,
That halfe dismayde, the multitude retirde:
But *Balthazar* the Portingales young prince,
Brought rescue, and encouragde them to stay.
Heere-hence the fight was eagerly renewde,
And in that conflict was *Andrea* slaine:
Braue man at Armes, but weak to *Balthazar*,
Yet while the Prince insulting over him,
Breath'd out prouid vanities, sounding to our reproch,
Friendship and hardie valour ioynd in one,
Prickt foorth *Hirato* our Knight-marshals sonne,
To challenge foorth that Prince to single fight:
Not long betweene these twaine the fight indurde,
But straight the Prince was beaten from his Horse,
And forst to yeeld him prisoner to his foe.

when

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When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our Carbines pursued them to the death,
Till *Ptæbus* wauing to the westerne deepe,
Our Trumpeters were charg'de to sound retreat.

King. Thanks good L. Generall for these good newes,
And for some argument of more to come,
Take this and weare it for thy Soueraignes sake.

Graces b. in his chaine.

But tell me now, Hast thou confirm'd a peace;

Gen. No Peace my Liege, but Peace conditionall,
That if with homage Tribute be well payde,
The furie of your forces will be stayde,
And to this Peace, their *Vaz-roy* hath subscribde.

Graces b. in his chaine.

And made a solemnē vow, that during life
His Tribute shalbe truly payde to *Spaine*,

King. These words, these deedes, become thy person well,
But now Knight Marshall, frolick with the King,
For tis thy Sonne that winnes that Battels prize.

Hero. Long may he liue to serue my Soueraigne liege,
And soone decay, valesse he serue my Liege.

A Trumpet a farre off.

King. Northou, nor he, shall die without reward.
What meaneſt this warning of this Trumpet sound?

Gen. This tels mee, that your Graces men of Warre,
Such as Warres fortune hath referr'd from death,
Come marching on towards your Royall seate,
To shew themſelves before your Maieſtice :
For ſo I gaue them charge at my depart,
Wherby by demonstration ſhall appeare,
That all, except three hundred, or few more,
Are ſafe rurn'd, and by their fots inricht.

*The Armie enters, Babazon betweene Lorenzo
and Horatio, impune.*

King. A gladsome fight, I long to ſee them heere.

They enter, and paſſe by.
Was that the warlike Prince of Puntingal,

That

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That by our Nephew was in triumph led?

Gen. It was (my Liedge) the Prince of Portingale.

King. But what was hee, that on the other side,
Held him by th'arme, as partner of the prize?

Hiero. That was my Sonne (my gratiouse Soueraigne)
Of whom, though from his tender infancie,
My louing thoughts did neuer hope but well:
He neuer pleaseid his fathers eyes till now,
Nor fild my heart with ouer-cloying joyes.

King. Goe, let them march once more about these walles,
That staying them, we may conferre and talke
with our braue prisoner, and his double Guard.

Hironimo, it greatly pleasest vs,
That in our victorie thou haue a share,
By vertue of thy worthy Sonnes exployt. Enter againe
Bring hither the young Prince of Portingale,
The rest march on: but ere they be dismissit,
Wee will bestow on euery Souldier two Duckets,
And on euery Leader ten; that they may know
Our larges welcomes them.

Exeunt all but Bal. Lor. Hor.

Welcome Don Balthazar, Welcome Nephew:
And thou Horatio, thou art Welcome too:
Young Prince, although thy fathers hard misdeedes,
In keeping backe the tribute that he owes,
Deserue but euill measure at our hands,
Yet shalt thou know that Spaine is honourable.

Balt. The trespassse that my Father made in peace,
Is now contrould by fortune of the Warres,
And Cardes once dealt, it bootes not aske why so,
His Men are slaine, a weakening to the Realme:
His Cullours ceazd, a blot vnto his name:
His Sonne distrest, a corsive to his heart:
These punishments may cleare his late offence.

King. I Balthazar, if he obserues this truce,
Our Peace will gro w the stronger for these Warres:
Meane while, liue thou as though not in libertie,

B.

Yor

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Yet from bearing any seruile yoake:
For in our hearing thy deserts were great,
And in our sight thy selfe art gracious.

Bat. And I shall studie to deserue this grace:

King. But tell me, for their holding makes me doubt,
To which of these twaine art thou prisoner?

Lor. To me my liege.

Hor. To me my Soueraigne.

Lor. This hand first tooke the courser by the raignes.

Hor. But first my Launce did put him from his Horse.

Lor. I ceaz'd his weapon and enjoy'd it first.

Hor. But first I forst him lay his weapons downe.

King. Let go his arme vpon our priuiledge.

Let him go.

So, worthy prince, to whither didst thou yeeld?

Bat. To him in curtesie: to this perforce:
He spake me faire, this other gaue me stroakes:
He promisde life, this other threatned death:
He wan my loue, this other conquered me:
And trueth to say, I yeeld my selfe to both.

Hor. But that I know your Grace for iust and wise,
And might seeme partiall in this difference,
Inforst by nature, and by law of Armes,
My tongue should pleade for young Horatios right.
He hunted well that was a Lions death,
Not he that in a garment wore his skin:
So Hares may pull dead Lyons by the beard.

King. Content thee Marshall, thou shalt haue no wrong.
And for thy sake thy sonne shall want no right,
Will both abide the centure of my doome?

Lor. I crave no better then your Grace awardes.

Hor. Nor I, although I sit beside my right.

King. Then by my iudgment thus your strife shall ende,
You both deserue, and both shall haue reward.
Nephew, thou tookest his Weapon and his Horse:
His Weapons and his Horse are thy reward.
Horatio, thou didst force him first to yeeld,

His

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His ransome therefore is thy valours fee:
Appoyn特 the summe as you shall both agree.
But Nephew, thou shalt haue the Prince in guard:
For thine estate best fitteth such a guest.

Horatio house were small for all his traine:
Yet in regard thy substance passeth his,
And that iust guerdon may befall deser^t;
To him we yeld the Armour of the Prince:
How likes *Don Balthazar* of this deuice?

Bal. Right well my Leige, if this prouiso were,
That *Don Horatio* beare vs companie,
Whom I admire and loue for Cheualrie,

King. *Horatio*, leaue him not, that loues thee so:
Now let vs hence to see our Souldiers paide,
And feast our Prisoner as our friendly guest.

Exeunt.

Enter Viceroy, Alexandro, Villappo.

Vice. Is our Embassadour dispatcht for Spaine?

Alex. Two dayes (my Liege are past since his depart,

Vice. And tribute payment gone along with him?

Alex. I my good Lord.

Vice. Then rest we heere a while in our vnrest.
And feed our sorrowes with some inward sighes,
For deepest cares breake neuer into teares.
But wherefore sit I in Regall throne,
This better fits a wretches endles moane?
Yet this is higher then my fortunes reach,
And therefore better then my state deserues.

Fall to the ground.

I, I, this earth, Image of melancholy,
Seekes him whom Fates adiudged to miserie:
Heere let mee lie; now am I at the lowest.

*Qui iacet in terra non habet unde cadat,
In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo:
Nil superest ut iam possit obesse magis.*

Yes Fortune may bereave mee of my Crowne:
Heere take it now, let Fortune do her worst,
She will not robbe mee of this sable weede:

B.2.

Om.

The Spanish Tragedie.

O no, she enuies none but pleasant thinges,
Such is the follie of dispightfull chaunce.
Fortune is blind, and sees not my desertes,
So is she deafe, and heares not my laments:
And could she heare, yet is she wilfull mad:
And therefore will not pittie my distresse.
Suppose that she could pittie mee, What then?
What helpe can be expected at her hands,
Whose foote standing on a rouling stone,
And minde more mutable then fickle windes?
Why waile I then where's hope of no redresse?
O yes! complayning, makes my griefe seeme lesse.
My late Ambition hath distaind my Faith:
My breach of Faith, occasion'd bloodie Warres,
Those bloodie Warres, haue spent my Treasure,
And with my Treasure, my peoples blood:
And with their blood, my joy and best beloued,
My best beloued, my sweete and onely Sonne.
O wherefore went I not to Warre my selfe?
The cause was mine, I might haue died for both:
My yeares were mellow, his but young and greene,
My death were naturall, but his was forced.

Alex. No doubt my Liege but still the Prince suruiues.

Vice. Suruiues, I where?

Alex. In Spaine a prisoner, by mischaunce of warre.

Vice. Then they haue slaine him for his Fathers fault.

Alex. That were a breach to common law af Armes.

Vice. They reake no lawes that meditate reuenge.

Alex. His ransoms woorth will stay from foule reuenge.

Vice. No if he liued, the newes would soone be heere.

Alex. Nay, euill newes will flie faster still than good.

Vice. Tell mee no more of newes, for he is dead.

Villup. My Soueraigne, pardon the Auther of ill newes,
And Ile bewray the fortune of thy sonne.

Vice. Speake on, Ile guerdon thee what ere it be,
Mine eare is readie to receiue ill newes,
Mine heart grone hard against mischiefes baterie:

Stand

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Stand vp I say, and tell thy tale at large.

Vil. Then heare the truth which these mine eyes haue seene
When both the Armies were in battell ioyn'd,
Don Balthazar amidst the thickest troupes,
To winne renowne, did wondrous feates of Armes:
Amongst the rest, Isaw him hand to hand
In single fight with their Lord Generall,
Till *Alexandro* that here counterfeites,
Vnder the colour of a duteous friend,
Discharged his Pistoll at the Princes backe,
As though he would haue slaine their Generall,
But therewithall *Don Balthazar* fell downe,
And when he fell, then we began to flic:
But had he liued, the day had sure beene ours.

Alex. O wicked forgerie: O traiterous miscreant.

Vice. Hold thou thy peace: but now *Villuppo* say,
Where then became the carkasse of my Sonne?

Villup. I saw them dragge it to the Spanish tents.
Vice. I, I, my nightly dreames haue told me this:
Thou false, vnkind, vnthankfull trayterous beast,
Wherein had *Balthazar* offended thee,
That thou shouldst thus betray him to our foes?
Was't Spanish Gold that bleared so thine eyes,
That thou couldst see no part of our deserte?
Perchaunce because thou art *Terseas* Lord,
Thou hadst some hope to weare this Diademe,
If first my Sonne, and then my selfe were slaine:
But thy ambitious thought shall breake thy necke,
I, this was it that made thee spill his blood.

Take the Crowne and put it on againe.

But Ile now weare it till thy blood be spilt.

Alex. Vouchsafe (dread Soueraigne) to heare me speake.

Vice. Away with him, his sight is second hell,
Keefe him till we determine of his death,
If *Balthazar* be dead, hee shall not liue.

Villuppo follow vs for thy reward.

Villup. Thus haue I with an enuious forged tale,

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Deceiued the King, betrayed mine enemie,
And hope for guerdon of my villanie.

Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.

Bel. Signior Horatio, this is the place, and hower,
Wherein I must intreat thee to relate
The circumstance of *Don Andreas* death:
Who liuing, was my Garlands sweetest Flower;
And in his death, hath buried my delights-

Hor. For loue of him, and seruice to your selfe,
Ile not refuse this heauie dolefull charge:
Yet teares and fightes I feare will hinder mee.
When both our Armies were enioynd in fight,
Your worthy Chauilire amidst the thickest,
For glorious cause still ayming at the fairest,
Was at the last by young *Don Balthazar*,
Encountred hand to hand: their fight was long,
Their hearts were great, their clamours menacing.
Their strength alike, their stroakes both dangerous:
But wrathfull *Nemesis*, that wicked power,
Enuying at *Andreas* praise and worth,
Cut short his life, to end his praise and worth,
Shee, shee her selfe, disguisde in Armours maske,
(as *Pallas* was before proud *Pergamus*)
Brought in fresh supplie of Halberdiers,
Which pauncht his Horse, and dingd him to the ground:
Then young *Don Balthazar* with ruthles rage,
Taking aduantage of his Foes distresse,
Did finish what his Halberdiers begun,
And left not till *Andreas* life was done.
Then (though too late) incenst with iust remorce,
I with my Band, set foorth against the Prince,
And brought him prisoner from his Halberdiers.

Bel. Would thou hadst slaine him, that flew my loue:
But then was *Don Andreas* carkasse lost?

Hor. No, that was it for which I chiefly stroue,
Nor slept I backe till I recovered him:
I tooke him vp, and wound him in my armes,

And

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And welding him vnto my priuate Tent,
There laide him downe, and deawd him with my teates,
And sighed and sorrowed as became a friend:
But neither friendly sorrowes, sighes, nor teares,
Could win pale Death from his usurped right.
Yet this I did, and lesse I could not doe,
I saw him honoured with due Funerall;
This Scarfe pluckt off from his luncles arme,
And weare it in remembrance of my friend.

Bel. I know the Scarfe, woud he had kept it still,
For had he liued, he would haue kept it still,
And worne it for his *Bel-imperia* sake,
For twas my Fauour at his last depart:
But now weare it both for him and mee,
For after him, thou hast deserued it best:
But for thy kindnes in his life and death,
Be sure while *Bel-imperia* life endures,
Shee will be *Don Horatio* thankfull friend.

Hor. And (Madame) *Don Horatio* will not slacke,
Humbly to serue faire *Bel-imperia*.
But now if your good liking stand thereto,
Ile crave your pardon to go seeke the Prince
For so the Duke your Father gaue mee charge. *Exit.*

Bel. I, go *Horatio*, leaue mee heere alone,
For solitude best fits my cheereles mood:
Yet what aquiles to waile *Andreas* death,
From whence *Horatio* proues my second loue?
Had he not loued *Andreas* as he did,
He could not sit in *Bel-imperia* thoughts.
But how can Loue finde harbour in my breast,
Till I reuenge the death of my beloued?
Yes, second loue shall further my reuenge,
Ile loue *Horatio* my *Andreas* friend,
The more to spight the Prince that wrought his end:
And where *Don Balthazar* that slew my Loue,
Himselfe now pleades for fauour at my hands,
He shall in rigour of my iust dilding,

Reape

The Spanish Tragedie.

Reape long repentance of his murderous deede :
For what wast else, but murderous cowardise,
So many to oppresse one valiant Knight,
Without respect of honour in the fight ?
And heere he comes that murdered my delight.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Lor. Sister, What meanes this melancholy walke?

Bel. That for a while I will no companie.

Lor. But heere the Prince is come to visit you.

Bel. That argues that he liues in libertie.

Bel. No, Madame, but in pleasing seruitude.

Bel. Your prison then (belike) is your conceite.

Bel. I, by conceite my freedome is enthralde.

Bel. Then with conceite, enlarge your selfe againe.

Bel. What if conceite haue layde my heart to gage ?

Bel. Pay that you borrowed, and recover it.

Bel. I die if it returne from whence it lies.

Bel. A heartlesse man and liues? a miracle.

Bal. I Lady, Loue can worke such miracles.

Lor. Tush, tush my Lord, let goe these ambages.

And in plaine tearmes acquaint her with your loue.

Bel. What boodes complaint, when there's no remedie.

Bal. Y e to your gracious selfe must I complaine,

In whose faire answere, lies my remedie :

On whose perfection, all my thoughts attend,

On whose aspect, mine eyes find beauties bower :

In whose transluent breastes my heart is lodg'd.

Bel. Alasse, my Lord, these are but words of course,
And but deuisde to driue me from this place.

*She going in, lets fall her Gloue, which Horatio
consuming over, takes up.*

Hor. Madame, your Gloue.

Bel. Thankes good Horatio, take it for thy paines.

Bal. Signior Horatio stoopt in happy time.

Hor. I reapt more grace then I deseru'd or hop'd.

Lor. My Lord, be not dismayde for what is past,
You know that women oft are humerous.

These

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These cloudes will over blow with little wind,
Let mee alone, Ile scatter them my selfe:
Meane while, let vs devise to spend the time
In some delight some sports and reuelling.

H.r. The King (my Lord) is comming hither straight,
To feast the Portingale Embassadour,
Things were in readines before I came.

Bal. Then heere it fits vs to attend the King,
To welcome hither our Embassadour,
And learne my Father and my Countries health.

Enter the Banquet, Trumpets, the King, and Embassadour.

King. See Lord Embassadour, how Spaine entreates
Their prisoner Balthazar, thy Viceroyes sonne
Wee pleasure more in kindnes then in Warres.

Emboss. Sad is our King, and Portingale laments,
Supposing that Don Balthazar is slaine.

Bal. So am I slaine by Beauties tyrannie,
You see, my Lord, how Balthazar is slaine.

I frolike with the Duke of Castiles Sonne

Wrapt every houre in pleasures of the Court,
And graced with flauours of his Majesties.

King. Put off your greeting till our Feast be done.
Now come and sit with vs, and taste our cheere.

Enter the Banquet.

Sit downe young Prince, you are our second guest:
Brother sit downe, and Nephew take your place:
Signior Horatio waite thou vpon our Cupp,
For well thou hast deserued to be honoured.

Now Lordings, fall too, Spaine is Portingale,
And Portingale is Spaine; wee both are friends.

Tribute is payde, and we enjoy our right.

But where is old Hieronimo our Marshall?
He promised vs in honour of our guest,

To grace our banquet with some pompeous iest.

Enter Hieronimo.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter Hieronimo with a Drum, i three Knights, each his Scutchin; then he fetches three Kings, they take their Crownes and them capture.

*Hieronimo, this Maske contents mine eye,
Although I sound not well the mysteric.*

Hiero. The first armd Knight, that hung his Scutchin vp,
He takes the Scutchin and gives it to the King
Was English Robert Earle of Gloucester;
Who when King Stephen bore sway in Albion,
Arrived with five and twentie thousand men
In Portingale, and by successe of warre,
Enforced the King (then but a Sarasin)
To beare the yoake of the English Monarchie.

King. My Lord of Portingale, by this you see,
That which may comfort both your King and you,
And make your late discomforst seeme the lesse:
But say Hieronimo, what was the next?

Hiero. the second Knight that hung his Scutchin vp,
He doth as he did before.

Was Edmond Earle of Kent in Albion,
When English Richard wore the Diadens:
He came likewise and razed Lisbon walles,
And tooke the King of Portingale in fight:
For which, and other such like seruice done,
He after was created Duke of Yorke.

King. This is an other speciall argument,
That Portingale may daine to beare our yoake,
When it by little England hath been yoakt:
But now Hieronimo, what were the last?

Hiero. The third and last, not least in our account,
Doing as he did before.

Was (as the rest) a valiant English-man,
Braue John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster,
As by his Scutchin plainly may appeare:
He with a puissant armie came to Spaine,
And tooke our King of Castile prisoner.

Embaſſ. This is an argumēnt for our Viceroy,

That

The Spanish Tragedie.

That Spaine may not insult for her successse,
Since English Warriours likewise conquered Spaine,
And made them bowe their knees to Albion.

King. Hieronimo, I drinke to thee for this deuice,
Which hath pleasd both the Embassador and me:
Pledge me Hieronimo, if thou loue the King.

Takes the Cuppe of Heratio.

My Lord, I feare we sit but ouer long,
Vnlesse our Dainties were more delicate:
But welcome are you to the best we haue.
Now let vs in, that we may be dispatcht,
I thinke our Counsell is already set. *Exeunt omnes.*

Andrea. Come we for this, from deapth of vnder ground,
To see him feast, that gaue me my deaths wound?
These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soule,
Nothing but League, and Loue, and Banqueting?

Revenge. Be still *Andrea*, ere we goe from hence,
Ile turne their Friendship into fell Despight:
Their Loue, to mortall Hate; their Day, to Night;
Their Hope into Despaire, their Peace to Waare,
Their Ioyes to Paine, their Blisse to Miserie.

ACTVS SECUNDVS.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Lorenzo.

MY Lord, though Bel-imperia seeme thus coy,
Let reason hold you in your wonted ioy:
In time, the sauage Bull sustaines the yoake:
In time, all haggard Hawkes will stoope to lure:
In time, small Wedges cleave the hardest Oake:
In time, the hardest Flint is pearst with softest Showers;
And shee in time, will fall from her disdaine,
And rule the suffrance of your friendly paine.

C 2.

Balt.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Bal. No, shee is wilder and more hard withall.
Then beast, or bird, or tree, or stone to walk. T
But wherefore blot I *Bel-imperiacione* name? S
It is my fault, not shee that merites blame. A
My feature is not to content her sight, W
My wordes are rude, and worke her no delight. B
The lines I sende her, are but harsh and ill, G
Such as do drop from *Pas* and *Mars* aquills. I, b10, l14
My Presents are not of sufficient cost, M
And being worthles, all my labour's lost. A
Yet might shee loue mee for my valiancie: B
I, but that's slandered by *Captiuitie*. L
Yet might shee loue mee, to content her sire. G
I, but her Reason may bessher Desired. C
Yet might shee loue mee as her Brothers friend: T
I, but her Hopes ayme at some other end. M
Yet might shee loue mee to vpreare her state; A
I, but perhaps shee hopes some nobler mate: G
Yet might shee loue mee as her beautious thrall; I
I, but I feare shee can not loue at all. F
Lor. My Lord, for my sake, leauue these extasies, T
And doubt not but wee finde some remedie; H
Some cause there is that lets you not beloued: V
First that must needs be knowne, and then remoued.
What if my Sister loue some other Knight?

Bal. My summers day will turne to winters night,

Lor. I haue alreadie found a stratageme,
To sound the bottome of this doubtfull theame.
My Lord, for once you shall be rulde by mee,
Hinder mee not what ere you heare or see: Y
By force, or faire meanes, will I cast about, I
To finde the trueth of all this question out, L
Ho, *Pernambuco*! H

Pedr. Signor. W

Lor. *Utrique* preſt, F

Ped, Hatch your Lordship any service to content me A

Lor. I

The Spanish Tragedie.

Lor. I Pedringano, seruice of import.
And not to spend the time in trifling words,
Thus standes the case, It is not long (thou knowest)
Since I did shield thee from my Fathers wrath,
For thy conueyance in *Andreas loue*:
For which, thou wert adiudged to punishment,
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment:
And since, thou knowest how I haue fauoured thee:
Now to these fauours will I adderowat, o 915. & .
Not with faire wordes, but store of golden coyne,
And lands and liuings, joyned with dignities,
If thou but satisfie my iust demaund,
Tell trueth, and haue mee for thy lasting friend.

Ped. What er is it be, your Lordship shall demaunde,
My bounden duetie bids mee tell the trueth,
If case it lies in mee to tell the trueth.

Lor. Then Pedringana, this is my demaunde,
Whom loues my sister *Bel-imperie*?
For shee reposeth all her trust in thee,
Speake man, and gaine both friendship and reward:
I meane, whom loues she in *Andreas place*?

Ped. Alas my Lord, since *Don Andreas* death,
I haue no credite with her as before:
And therefore know not if she loue or no,

Lor. Nay, if thou dallie, then I am thy foe, *Draws his sword*.
And feare shall force, what friendship cannot winne:
Thy death shall burie what thy life conceales:
Thou diest for more esteeming her then mee.

Ped. Oh, stay my Lord.

Lor. Yet speake the trueth, and I will guerdone thee,
And shield thee from what ever can ensue,
And will conceale what ere proceedes from thee:
But if thou dallie once againe, thou diest.

Ped. If Madamie *Bel-imperie* be in loue,

Lor. What villaine is his ambands? *Offereth him*.
Ped. Oh, stay my Lord, I haue loues *Horatio* is I haue
Searched for, and found him *Bubbleren* stony backed.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Lor. What *Don Horatio* our Knight Marshals sonne?

Ped. Euen him my Lord.

Lor. Now say, but how knowest thou he is her louer
And thou shalt find me kind and liberall :
Stand vp I say, and fearelesse tell the truthe.

Ped. She sent him Letters, which my selfe perusde
Full fraught with lines and argumentes of Loue,
Preferring him before Prince *Balthazar*.

Lor. Swear on this crosse, that what thou sayest is true,
And that thou wilt conceale what thou hast told.

Ped. I swear to both, by him that made vs all.

Lor. In hope thine oath is true, heer's thy reward :
But if I prooue thee periurde and vniust,
This very Sword whereon thou tookest thine oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedie.

Ped. What I haue sayd, is true, and shall for me,
Be still conceald from *Bel-imperia* :
Besides, your Honors liberalitie,
Deserues my dutious seruice, even till death.

Lor. Let this be all that thou shalt doe for me,
Be watchfull when, and where, these louers meeete,
And give me notice, in some secret sort.

Ped. I will my Lord.

Lor. Then shalt thou finde that I am liberall,
Thou knowest that I can more aduance thy state,
Then she ; be therefore wise, and sayle me not :
Goe and attende her as thy custome is,
Least absence, make her thinke thou doest amisse.

Exit Pedringano.

Why so ? *Tam armis quam ingenio :*
Where Wordes preuaile not, Violence preuailes ;
But Gold doth more then either of them both.
How likes Prince *Balthazar* this stratageme ?

Bal. Both well, and ill : it makes me glad and sad :
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my Loue :
Sadde, that I feare, she hates me, whom I loue :
Gladde, that I know on whom to be reuenged :

Sad,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Sad that shele shie me if I take reuenge,
Yet must I take reuenge, or die my selfe,
For loue resisted, growes impatient.

I thinke *Horatio* be my destin'd plague.

First, in his hand he brandished a sword:
And with that sword, he fiercely waged warre,
And in that warre, he gaue me dangerous woundes,
And by those woundes, he forced me to yeeld,
And by my yeelding, I became his slaue.

Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
Which pleasing words doe harbour sweete conceits,
Which sweete conceits are limbde with shie deceits,
Which shie deceits, smooth *Bel-imperias* eares,
And through her eares diue downe into her heart;
And in her heart set him where I should stand:
Thus hath he tane my body by his force,
And now by shieght would captiuate my soule:
But in his fall Ile tempt the destinies,
And either lose my life, or winne my loue.

Lor. Lets goe, my Lord, your staying stayes reuenge,
Do you but follow me, and gaine your loue.
Her fauour must be wonne by his remooue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.

Hor. Now, Madame since by fauour of your loue,
Our hidden smoake is turn'd to open flame:
And that with lookes and wordes we feed our thoughts,
Two chiefe contents, where more cannot be had.
Thus in the midst of loues faire blandishments,
Why shew you signe of inward languishments?

Pedringano sheweth all to the Prince, and Lorenzo,
placing them in secret.

Bel. My heart, sweet friend, is like a ship at Sea,
She wisheth port, where riding all at ease,
She may repaire what stormie times haue worne:
And leaning on the shore may sing with ioy,
That pleasure, follow paine, and blisse annoy.

Possession

The Spanish Tragedie

Possession of thy loue is th'only port,
Wherin my heart with feares and hopes long tost;
Each houre doth wish and long to make resort,
Thereon repaire the ioyes that it hath lost:
And sitting safe to sing in Capells Quire,
That sweetest blisse, is crowne of Loues desire,

Balthazar and Loren. alone

Bal. O sleep mine eyes, see not my Loue prophande;
Be deafe my eares, heare not my discontent:
Die heart, another ioyes what thou deseruest.

Lor. Watch still mine eyes, to see the loue disioynd:
Heare still mine eares, to heare them both lament:
Leau heart to ioy at fond *Horatios* fall.

Bel. Why stands *Horatio* speechles all this while?

Hor. The lesse I speake, the more I meditate,

Bel. But whereon doest thou chiefly meditate?

Hor. On dangers past and pleasures to ensue.

Bel. On pleasure past and dangers to ensue.

Bel. What dangers, and what pleasures doest thou meane?

Hor. Dangers of warre, and pleasures of our loue.

Lor. Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all.

Bel. Let dangers goe, thy warre shall be with me:
But such a warring as breakes no bond of peace.

Speake thou faire words, Ile crosse them with faire wordes,

Send thou sweet lookes, Ile meeke them with sweete lookes:

write louing lines, Ile answere louing lines:

Give me a kisse, Ile counterchecke thy kisse,

Be this our warring peace, or peacefull warre.

Hor. But gracious Madamme, then appoint the field,

Where triall of this warre shall first be made.

Bel. Ambitious villaine: how his boldnes growes?

Bel. Then by thy fathers pleasant bower the field

Where first we yowde our mutuall amble.

The Court were dangerous, that place is safe;

Our houre shall be, when *Uesper* gins to rise,

That summons home distrestfull trauelers.

There none shall heare vs but the hancolese Birds.

Happily

The Spaniſh Tragedie.

Happily the gentle Nightingale,
Shall carroll vs a sleepe ere we beware:
And singing with the prickle at her brest,
Tell our delight and mirthfull dalliance.
Till then, each houre will seeme a yeare, and more.

Her. But honie sweet, and honourable loue,
Returne we now into your fathers sight,
Dangerous suspition waites on our delight.

King. I, danger mixt with iealous dispite,
Shall send thy soule into eternall night.

Excusas.

Enter King of Spaine, Portingale Embassadour,
Don Ciprian &c.

King. Brother of Iacute, to the Princes loue,
What sayes your daughter Bel-imperiu?

Cip. Although she coy it, as becomes her kinde,
And yet dissemble that she loues the Prince:
I doult not I, but she will stoope in time,
And were shewrward, which she will not be,
Yet hefein shall she follow my aduice,
Which is to loue him; or forgoe my loue.

King. Then Lord Embassadour of Portingale,
Aduise thy King to make this mariage vp,
For strengthing of our late confirmed league.
I know no better meanes to make vs friends,
Her dowrie shall be large and liberall.
Besides that, she is daughter and halfe heire,
Vnto our brother, here *Don Ciprian*
And shall enjoy the moitic of his land,
Ile grace her mariage With an vncles gift,
And this it is, in case the match goe forward:
The tribute which you pay shall be releas'd,
And if by *Balhazar* she haue a sonne,
He shall enjoy the Kingdome after vs.

Emball. Ile make the motion to our Soueraigne liege,
And worke it, if my counsaile may preuaile.

King. Do so, my Lord, and if he giue consent,
I hope his presence heere will honour vs.

D.

In

The Spanish Tragedie.

In celebration of the nuptiall day,
And let him selfe determine of the time.

Em. Wilt please your grace to command me ought besidē?

King. Commend me to the King, and so fare-well,
But where's Prince Balthazar, to take his leaue?

Em. That is perform'd alreadie, my good Lord.

King. Amongst the rest of what you haue in charge,
The Princes Ransome must not be forgot:
That's none of mine, but his that tooke him prisoner,
And well his forwardnesse deserues reward.
It was Horatio our Knight-marshals sonne.

Em. Betweene vs there's a price alreadie pitcht,
And shall be sent with all conuenient speed.

King. Then once againe fare-well, my Lord.

Em. Fare-well my Lord of Castile, and the rest. *Exit.*

King. Now brother, you must take some little paine,
To winne faire Bel-imperia from her will:
Young Virgins must be ruled by their friendes.
The Prince is amiable, and loues her well,
If she neglect him, and forgoe his loue,
She both will wrong her owne estate and ours.
Therefore whiles I doe entertaine the Prince,
With greatest pleasures that our Court affords,
Endeauour you to winne your Daughters thoughts,
If she giue backe, all this will come to naught. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio, Bel-imperia, and Pedringano.

Hor. Now that the night begins with sable winges,
To ouer-cloude the brightnes of the Sunne,
And that in darknes, pleasures may be dene:
Come Bel-imperia, let vs to the Bower,
And there in safetie passe a pleasant hower.

Bel. I follow thee, my loue, and will not backe,
Although my fainting heart controules my soule.

Hor. Why, make you doubt of Pedringanoes faith?

Bel. No, he is as trustie as my second selfe.
Goe Pedringano, watch without the gate,
And let vs know if anie make approch.

Ped. In

The Spanish Tragedie.

Ped. In stead of watching, I do deserue more gold,
By fetching *Don Lorenzo* to this match. Exit Ped.

Hor. What meanes my Loue?

Bel. I know not what my selfe:

And yet my heart foretels me some mischaunce.

Hor. Sweete, say not so: faire Fortune is our friend,
And Heauens haue shut vp day to pleasure vs:
The Starres thou seest, hold backe their twinkling shine,
And *Luna* hides her selfe, to pleasure vs.

Bel. Thou hast prevailde, Ile conquer my misdoubt:
And in thy loue and counsell drowne my feare:
If feare no more, Loue now is all my thoughts.
Why sit we not? for pleasure asketh ease.

Hor. The more thou sits within these leauie bowers,
The more will *Flora* decke it with her flowers.

Bel. I but if *Flora* spie *Horatio* heere,
Her iealous eye will thinke I sit too neare.

Hor. Harke Madam, how the Birds record by night,
For ioy that *Bel-imperi*: sits in sight.

Bel. No, *Cupido* counterfeits the Nightingale,
To frame sweete musick to *Horatio* tale.

Hor. If *Cupido* sing, then *Venus* is not farre:
I, thou art *Venus*, or some fairer Starre.

Bel. If I be *Venus* thou must needs be *Mars*.
And where *Mars* raigneth, there must needs be Warre.

Hor. Then thus begin our Warre: put foorth thy hand:
That it may cumbate with my ruder hand.

Bel. Set foorth thy foote, to trie the push of mine.

Hor. But first my lookes shall cumbate against thine.

Bel. Then ward thy selfe, I dart this Kisse at thee.

Hor. Thus I retort the Dart thou threwst at mee.

Bel. Nay then, to gaine the glorie of the field,
My twining armes shall yoke and make the yeeld.

Hor. Nay, then my armes are large and strong withall:
Thus Elmes by Vines are cotupast till they fall.

Bel. O let me goe, for in my troubled eyes,
Now mayest thou read, that life in passion dies.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hor. O stay awhile, and I will die with thee,
So shalt thou yeeld, and yet haue conquered mee.

Bel. Who's there, Pedringano? we are betrayde.

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Cesberin, Pedringano disguised.

Lor. My Lord, away with her. Take her aside.
O sir forbeare, your valour is alreadie tride.

Quickly dispatch my maisters. They hang him in the Arbor.

Hor. What will ye murder me?

Lor. I thus, and thus: these are the fruites of loue.
They stab him.

Bel. O sauе his life, and let me die for him.

O sauе him brother, sauе him Balthazar:

I loued Horatio, but he loued not me.

Balt. But Balthazar loues Bel-imperia.

Lor. Although his life were ambitious proud,
Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

Bel. Murder, murder: helpe Hieronimo helpe.

Lor. Come, stop her mouth, away with her, *Exeunt.*

Enter Hieronimo in his shirt.

Hiero. What out-crie calles me from my naked bed:
And chils my throbbing heart with trembling feare,
Which never danger yet could daunt before:
Who calls Hieronimo? speake, heare I am.
I did not slumber, therefore twas no dreame.
No, no, it was some woman cri'd for helpe,
And heare within the garden did she cry,
And in this garden must I rescue her.
But stay, What murderous spectacle is this?
A man hangde vp, and all the murderers gone,
And in my Bower, to lay the guilt on me.
This place was made for pleasure, not for death.

He cuts him downe.

Those garments that he weares, Loft haue scene;

Alas, it is Horatio my sweete Sonne:

O no! but he that whilome was my Sonne,

O! Was it thou that call'dst mee from my bede?

O speake! if any sparke of life remaine.

I am

The Spanish Tragedie.

I am thy father: who hath flaine my sonne?
What sauage monstre, not of humaine kind,
Heere hath beene glutted with thy harmelesse blood?
And left thy blodie corpes dishonoured heere,
For me amidst this darke and deathfull shades,
To drowne thee with an Ocean of my teares.
O heauens! why made you night to couer sinne?
By day this deed of darkenesse had not beene.
O earth! why didst thou not it time deuoure,
The vile prophane of this sacred bower.
O poore *Horatio*! what hadst thou misdone?
To leese thy life ere life was new begun?
O, wicked Butcher what so ere thou wert,
How could'st thou strangle vertue and desert?
Aye me most wretched that haue lost my ioy,
In leesing my *Horatio* my sweet boy.

Enter *Isabella*.

Isa. My husbands absence makes my heart to throb.

Hieronimo.

Hier. Heere *Isabella*, helpe me to lament,
For sighes are stopt, and all my teares are spent.

Is. What world of griefe my sonne *Horatio*?
O, wher's the auther of this endles woe?

Hier. To know the authour were some ease of griefe,
For in reuenge my heart would find reliefe.

Is. Then is he gone; and is my sonne gone too?
O, gush out teares, fountaines and floods of teares,
Blow sighes and raise, and euerlasting storme
For outrage fits our cursed wretchednes,
Aie me, *Hieronimo*! sweet husband speake.

Hier. He spent with vs to night, frolick and merrie,
And said, he would goe visite *Balthazar*
At the Dukes Pallace; there the Prince doth lodge:
He had no custome to stay out so late,
He may be in his chamber, some goe see, *Rodrigo*, Ho.

Enter *Pedro*, and *Jaques*.

Is. Aie me! he rauies, sweet *Hieronimo*,

D. 3

True.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hie. True, all Spaine takes note of it,
Besides, he is so generallie beloved.
His Maestie the other day did grace him
With waighting on his Cuppe: these be fauours,
Which do assure me cannot be short liued.

Ifa. Sweete Hieronimo.

Hie. I wonder how this fellow got his clothes:
Sirha, sirha, Ile know the trueth of all:
Jaques, runne to the Duke of Castiles presently,
And bid my Sonne Horatio to come home
I, and his Mother haue had strange dreames to night.
Doe ye heare me sira?

Jaques. I sir.

Hie. Well sir, be gone. Pedro come hither, knowest thou
who this is? Ped. Too well sir.

Hero. Too well, who? Who is it? Peace Isabella. Nay
blush not man. Ped. It is my Lord Horatio.

Hie. Ha, ha. Saint James; but this doth make me laugh,
That there are more deluded then my selfe.

Ped. Deluded?

Hie. I, I would haue sworne my selfe within this houre,
That this had been my Sonne Horatio,
His garnments are so like. Ha, are they not great perswasions?

Ifa. O would to God it were not so.

Hie. Were not Isabella, doest thou dreame it is?
Can thy soft bosome entertaine a thought,
That such a blacke deede of mischiefe should be done
On one so poore and spotles as our Sonne?
A way, I am ashamed.

Ifa. Deare Hieronimo, cast a more serious eie vpon thy griefe
Weake apprehension giues but weake beliefe.

Hie. It was a man sure that was hanged vp here,
A youth; as I remember, I cut him downe:
If it should prooue my Sonne now after all,
Say you, say you: light, lend me a Taper,
Let mee looke againe.

O God! Confusion, mischiefe, torment, death, and hell,

Drop

The Spanish Tragedie.

Drop all your stinges at once in my cold bosome,
That now is stiffe with horror; Kill me quickly:
Be gracious to me thou infecting night,
And drop this deed of murder downe on mee,
Gird in my waist of griefe with thy large darknesse,
And let me not suruue, to see the light,
May put me in the minde I had a Sonne.

Ifa. O sweete Horatio! O my dearest Sonne!

Hiero. How strangelic had I lost my way to griefe,
Sweete louelie Rose, ill pluckt before thy time:
Faire worthie Sonne, not conquered, but betraide:
Ile kisse thee now, for wordes with teares are staide.

Ifa. And Ile close vp the glasses of his sight,
For once these eyes were onelie my delight.

Hier. Seest thou this Hand-kercher besmeard with blood
It shall not from me till I take reuenge:
Seest thou these wounds that yet are bleeding fresh,
Ile not intombe them till I haue reuengd:
Theu will I joy amidst my discontent,
Till then, my sorrow never shall be spent.

Ifa. The heauens are iust, murder cannot be hid.
Time is the author both of Truth and Right,
And Time will bring this treacherie to light.

Hiero. Meane while, good *Isabella*, cease thy plaints,
Or at the least, dissemble them a while:
So shall we sooner finde the practise out,
And learne by whom all this was brought about.
Come *Isabella*, now lets take him vp,

They take him vp.

And beare him in, from out this cursed place!
Ile say his Dirge, singing fits not this case.

O aliquis mihi quae pulchram ver educes hunc aet.

Hiero. Hts his breast vnto his sword.

Miserat & nostro deitate misera doloris nos fidelis.

Aut si qui faciunt annum oblitia succos.

Præbeat, ipsi metum magnus qui unque per orbem,

Granjna Sol pulchras effecit in lumine oras.

7ps

The Spanish Tragedie.

Ipse bibam quicquid meditetur saga venoni,
Quicquid & irraui eneacama mena necit.
Omnia perpetiar, lectam queque dum semel omnis,
Noster in extincto mori vir pictore sensus:
Ergo tuos oculos nunquam (mea vita) videbo.
Et tua perpetuus sepius lumen somnus,
Emissa tecum sic, Sic inuicta sub umbras,
At tamen absit am properato credere letho,
Ne mortem vindictam tuam nulla sequatur.

Here he throwes it from him, and beares the bodie away,

Andrea.

Broughth thou me bither to increase my paine:
I lookt that *Balthazar* should haue beene slaine,
But tis my friend *Horatio* that is slaine:
And they abuse faire *Bel-imperie*,
On whom I dooted more then all the world,
Because she loued me more then all the world,

Renenge.

Thou talkest of haruest when the corne is greene,
The end is growne of euery worke well done:
The sickle comes not till the corne be ripe.
Be still, and ere I lead thee from this place,
Ile shew thee *Balthazar* in heauie case.

ACTVS TERCIVS.

Enter *Viceroy of Portingale*, *Nobles*, *Alexandro*, *Villuppo*.

Dico. **I**N fortunate condition of Kings,
Seated amidst so many helplesse doubts:
First we are plast vpon extreamest height,
And oft supplanted with exceeding hate,
But euer subiect to the wheels of chance:
And at our highest neuer joy we so,
As we both doubt and dread our ouerthrow.
So striueth not the waues with suadry windes,

As

The Spanish Tragedie.

As Fortune toyleth in the affaires of Kings,
That would be feard, yet feare to be beloued,
Sith feare or loue to Kings is flatterie:
For instance Lordings looke vpon your King,
By hate depriued of his dearest sonne,
The onely hope of our successsive liues.

Nob. I had not thought that *Alexandros* heart,
Had beene inuenomde with such extreame hate,
But now I see, that wordes haue seuerall workes,
And ther's no credite in the countenance.

Vill. No, for (my Lord) had you beheld the traine,
That fained loue had coloured in his lookes,
When he in Campe, consorted *Bahazar*,
Farre more inconstant had you thought the Sunne,
That hourly coastes the Centre of the earth,
Then *Alexandros* purpose to the prince.

Vice. No more, *Vituppo*, thou hast said enough,
And with thy words thou slaiest our wounded thoughts,
Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
Procrastinating *Alexandros* death:
Goe some of you and fetch the traitour forth,
That as he is condemned, he may die.

Enter *Alexandro*, with a *Noble man*, and *halberts*.

Nob. In such extremes, will nought but patience serue.

Alex. But in extremes what patience shall I vs?
Nor discontents it me to leaue the world,
With whom there nothing can preuayle but wrong.

Nob. Yet hope the best.

Alex. Tis heauen is my hope.
As for the earth, it is too much infect'd,
To yeeld mee hope of any of her mould.

Vice. Why linger yee? bring foorth that daring friend,
And let him die for his accursed deede.

Alex. Not that I feare the extremitie of death,
(For Nobles cannot stoope to scruile feare)
Doc. I (O King) thus discontented liue.

E.

But

The Spanish Tragedie.

But this, O this torments my labouring soule,
That thus I die suspected of a sinne,
Whereof, as heauens haue knowne my secret thoughtes,
So am I free from this suggestion.

Vice. No more I say : to the tortures, when?
Binde him, and burne his body in those flaines,

They bind him to the stake.

That shall prefigure those vnquenched fires
Of Phlegeton, prepared for his soule.

Alex. My guilteſſe death will be auengde on thee,
On thee Villuppo, that hath malic'de thus,
Or for thy meede, hast falsely me accusde.

Villup. Nay Alexandro, if thou menace me,
Ile lende a hand to ſend thee to the lake
Where those thy wordes ſhall periſh with thy workes:
Iniurious traytour, monſtrous homicide.

Enter Embaſſadour.

Em. Stay, hold a while, & here with pardon of his Maiestie,
Lay handes vpon Villuppo, (trance?)

Vice. Embaſſadour, what newes hath vrg'd this ſodaine en-

Embas. Know Soueraigne I, that Balthazar doth liue.

Vice. What ſayest thou? liueth Balthazar our Sonne?

Embas. Your highneſſe Sonne L. Balthazar doth liue,
And well intreated in the Court of Spaine:
Humbly commendes him to your Maiestie;
These eyes behelde, and these my followers,
With these the Letters of the Kinges commendē,

Gives him letters.

Are happie witnesses of his Highneſſe health,

The King looks on the Letters and proceeds.

Vice. Thy Sonne doth liue, your Tribune is receiu'd,

Thy Peace is made, and we are ſatisfied:

The reſt reſolve upon, as chinges propoſde,

For both our honors, and thy benefit.

Embas. These are his Highneſſe further Articles,

He gives him more Letters.

Vice. Accuſed wretch to intimate theſe illes

Againſt

The Spanish Tragedie.

Against the life and reputation
Of noble *Alexandro*: come my Lord vnbind him,
Let him vnbind thee, that is bound to death,
To make a quitall for thy discontent.

Tkey vnbinde him.

Alex. Dread Lord, in kindnesse you could do no lesse,
Vpon report of such a damned fact:
But thus we see our innocencie hath saued
The hopelesse life which thou *Villuppo* sought
By thy suggestions to haue massacred.

Vice. Say false *Villuppo*, wherefore didst thou thus
Fallly betray Lord *Alexandroes* life?
Him whom thou knowest, that no vnkindnesse els,
But euен the slaughter of our dearest sonne,
Could once haue mooued vs to haue misconceiued.

Alex. Say treacherous *Villuppo*, tell the King?
Or wherein hath *Alexandro* ysed thee ill?

Villup. Rent with remembrance of so foule a deed,
My guiltfull soule submits me to thy doome:
For not for *Alexandroes* iniuries,
But for reward, and hope to be preferd,
Thus haue I shamelesly hazarded his life.

Vice. which villaine, shall be ransomed with thy death,
And not so meane a torment as we heere,
Denisde for him, who thou saydst slew our Sonne:
But with the bitterest tormentes and extremes
That may be yet inuented for thine end:

Alex. seems to intreate.

Intreate me not, go take the traytor hence:
And *Alexandro* let vs honour thee
With publique notice of thy loyaltie,
To end those thinges articulated heere,
By our great L. the mightie King of Spaine
We with our Counsell will deliberate.
Come *Alexandro*, keepe vs companie.

Exit Vil.

Exeunt.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hiero. Oh eyes, no eyes but fountains fraught with teares

E 2.

Oh

The Spanish Tragedie.

Oh life! no life; but liuelie forme of death:
Oh world! no world, but masse of publique wronges,
Confusde and filde with murder and misdeedes:
Oh sacred Heauens! if this vnholowed deed,
Yf this inhumane and barbarous attempt,
Yf this incomparable murder thus,
Of mine, but now no more my Sonne,
Shall vntreuealed and vntreuenged passe,
How shold we tearme your dealinges to be iust,
Yf you vniustlie deale with those that in your iustice trust?
The night, sad secretarie to my mones,
With direfull visions, wake my vexed soule,
And with the woundes of my distresfull Sonne,
Solicite mee, for notice of his death.
The ouglie Feendes doe sallie foorth of Hell,
And frame my steppes to vnfrequented pathes.
And feare my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts,
The cloudie day my discontents recordes,
Earelie begins to register my dreames,
And driue me foorth to seeke the murderer.
Eyes life, world, heauens, hell, night, and day,
See, search, shew, send some man,
Some meane that may:

A Letter falleib.

What's heere, a Letter? tush, it is not so;

A Letter written to Hieronimo.

Red incke.

For want of Incke receive this bloodie wrist,
Mee hath my haples brother bid from thee:
Reuenge thy selfe on Balthazar and him:
For these were they, that murdered thy Sonne.
Hieronimo, reuenge Horatioes deaib,
And better farre then Bel-imperia doth.

What meanes this vnxpected miracle?

My Sonne slaine by Lorenzo, and the Prince,

What cause had they Horatio to maligne?

Or what might mooue thee Bel-imperia,

To accuse thy Brother zhad he been the meane?

Hieronimo

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hieronimo beware, thou art betraide:
And to intrap thy life, this traine is laide:
Aduise thee therefore, be not credulous,
This is deuised to endanger thee,
That thou by this *Lorenzo* shouldst accuse,
And he for thy dishonour done, should draw
Thy life in question, and thy name in hate.
Deare was the life of my beloued Sonne,
And of his death behoues mee be reueng'd:
Then hazard not thine owne *Hieronimo*,
But liue t'effeet thy resolution:
I therefore will by circumstaunces tric,
What I can gather, to confirme this writ
And harken neare the Duke of *Castiles* house,
Close if I can, with *Bel-imperia*.
To listen more; but nothing to bewray.

Enter Peringano.

Hiero. Now *Pedringano*.

Ped. Now *Hieronimo*.

Hier. Where's thy Ladie?

Ped. I know not, heeres my Lord.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. How now who's this, *Hieronimo*?

Hie. My Lord.

Ped. He asketh for my Ladie *Bel-imperia*.

Lor. What to doe *Hieronimo*? The Duke my father hath
Vpon some disgrace, a while remoued her hence:
But if it be ought I may informe her off,
Tell mee *Hieronimo*, and Ile let her know it.

Hier. Nay, nay, my Lord I thanke you, it shall not need,
I had a sute vnto her but too late,
And her disgrace makes me vnfourtunate.

Lor. Why so *Hieronimo*? vse mee.

Hier. Who, you my Lord?
I referue your fauour for a greater honour,
This is a verie toy my Lord, a toy.

Lor. All's one *Hieronimo*, acquaint me with it.

E 3.

Hier.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hiero. Yfayth my Lord, tis an idle thing, I must confesse,
I ha' been too slacke too tardie, too remisse vnto your honor

Lor. How now *Hieronimo*?

Hiero. In troth my Lord, it is a thing of nothing,
The murder of a Sonne, or so :
A thing of nothing, my Lord.

Lor. Why then, farewell.

Exi.

Hie. My griefe no heart, my thoughts no tongue can tel.

Lor. Come hither *Pedringano*, seest thou this?

Ped. My Lord, I see it, and suspect it too.

Lor. This is that damned villaine *Serberine*,
That hath (I feare) reucaled *Horatios* death.

Ped. My Lord, he could not, twas so lately done;
And since he hath not left my companie.

Lor. Admit he haue not, his condition's such,
As feare, or flattering wordes, may make him false.
I know his humour, and therewith repente,
That ere I vsde him in this enterprize.
But *Pedringano*, to preuent the worst,
And cause I know thee secret as my soule,
Heere for thy further satisfaction, take thou this,

Gives him more Gold.

And harkento me: thus it is, disguisde
This night thou must (and pre'thee so resolute)
Meete *Serberine* at *S. Linges Parke*:
Thou know'st tis heere hard by behinde the house,
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure;
For die he must, if we doe meane to liue.

Ped. But how shall *Serberine* be there, my Lord?

Lor. Let mee alone, Ile sende to him to meete
The Prince and mee, where thou must doe this deed,

Ped. It shall be done, my Lord, it shall be done,
And Ile goe arme my selfe to meet him there.

Lor. When thinges shall alter, as I hope they will,
Then shalt thou mount for this: thou knowst my minde.

Exi. Ped.

Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

Che le Ieron.

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord.

Lor. Goe sirra to Serberine, and bid him foorthwith,
Meete the Prince and mee at S. Linges Parke,
Behind the house, this euening, Boy.

Page. I goe my Lord.

Lor. But sirra, let the hourē be eight a clocke :
Bid him not fayle.

Page. I flie my Lord.

Exit.

Lor. Now to confirme the complot thou hast cast,

Of all these practises, Ile spread the Watch.

Vpon precise commaundement from the King,

Strongly to guard the place where Pedringano

This night shall murder haples Serberine.

This must we worke, that will auoyde distrust,

Thus maist we practise to prevent mishap:

And thus one ill, an other maist expulse.

This fly inquiry of Hieronimo for Bel-imperia, breeds suspicio

And this suspition boades a further ill.

As for my selfe, I know my secret fault,

And so doe they; but I haue dealt for them :

They that for Coyne their soules endangered

To saue my life; for Coyne shall venture theirs :

And better tis that base companions die,

Then by their life to hazard our good haps,

Nor shall they liue, for me to feare their fayth :

Ile trust my selfe, my selfe shall be my friend,

For dic they shall; slaues are ordaind for no other end. Exit.

Enter Pedringano with a Pistoll.

Ped. Now Pedringano bid thy Pistoll hold,

And hold on Fortune, once more fauour mee,

Giue but successe to mine attempting spirit,

And let me shift for taking of mine ayme :

Heere is the Gold, this is the Gold proposde,

It is no dreame that I aduenture for,

But Pedringano is possell thereof;

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And he that would not straine his Conscience
For him, that thus his liberal purse hath stretcht;
Vnworthie such a fauour may he fayle;
And wishing, want, when such as I preuaile:
As for the feare of apprehension,
I know (if neede should be) my noble Lord
Will stand betweene mee and ensuing harmes; and
Besides, this place is free from all suspect.
Heere therefore will I stay, and take my stand.

Enter the Watch.

- 1 I wonder much to what intent it is,
That we are thus exprestlie chargde to watch?
- 2 Tis by commaendement in the Kings owne name.
- 3 But we were neuer wont to watch nor ward,
So neare the Duke his house before.
- 2 Content your selfe, stand close, there's somewhat in't.

Enter Serberine.

Ser. Heere Serberine, attend and staie thy pace,
For heere did *Don Lorenzo Page* appoyn't,
That thou by his commaunde shouldest meeete with him:
How fit a place, if one were so disposde,
Meethinkes this corner is to close with one.

Ped. Heere comes the Bird that I must ceaze vpon:
Now *Pedringano*, or neuer, plaie the man.

Ser. I wonder that his Lordship staies so long,
Or wherefore should he send for mee so late?

Ped. For this Serberine, and thou shalt ha' t:
So, there hee lies, my promise is performide.

The Watch.

- 1 Harke Gentlemen this is a Pistoll shot.
- 2 And heer's one slaine; stay the Murderer.
- 3 Ped. Now by the sorrowes of the soules in Hell.

He striues with the Watch.

- 1 Who first layes hands on me, Ile be his Priest.
- 2 Sirra confesse, and therein play the Priest:
- 3 Why hast thou thus vnkindlie kilde the man?

Ped.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Ped. Why? because he walk't a broad so late.

3 Come sir, you had Beene better kept your bed,
Then haue committed this misdeede so late.

2 Come, to the Marshals with the murderer.

1 On, to *Hieronimo*? helpe me here.

To bring the murdered body with vs too.

Ped. *Hieronimo*, carry me before whom you will,
What ere he be, He answere him and you,
And doe your worst, for I defie you all.

Exeunt.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Bal. How now my Lord, what makes you rise so soone?

Lor. Feare of preuenting our mishaps too late.

Bal. What mischiefe is it that we not mistrust.

Lor. Our greatest illes, we least mistrust my Lord,
And in expected harmes do hurt vs mo st.

Bal. Why tell me *Don Lorenzo*, tell me man,
If ought concernes our honour, and your owne?

Lor. Not you, nor me, my Lord, but both in one,
For I suspect, and the presumption's great,
That by those base confederates in our fault,
Touching the death of *Don Horatio*,
We are betraide to old *Hieronimo*.

Bal. Betrayde *Lorenzo*? tush it cannot be.

Lor. A guiltie conscience vrged with the thought,
Of former euils, easily cannot erre:
I am perswaded, and disswade me not,
That all's reuealde to *Hieronimo*,
And therefore know, that I haue cast it thus:
But her's the *Page*: how now what newes with thee?

Page. My Lord, *Serberine* is flaine.

Bal. Who, *Serberine* my man?

Page. your Highnes man, my Lord.

Lor. Speake *Page*, who murdered him?

Page. He that is apprehended for the fact.

Lor. Who?

Page. *Pedringano*.

Bal. I, *Serberine* flaine, that loued his Lord so well;

F.

Im.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Iniurious villaine, murderer of his friend.

Lor. Hath Pedringano murdered Serberine?
My Lord, let me entreat you to take the paines,
To exasperate and hasten his reuenge,
With your complaintes vnto my L. the King.
This their dissencion breedes a greater doubt.

Balt. Assure thee *Don Lorenzo*, he shall die,
Or els his Highnesse hardly shall denie.
Meane while, Ile Haste the Marshall Sessions :
For die he shall, for this his damned deed.

Exit Balt.

Lor. Why, so : This fits our former pollicie,
And thus experience biddes the wise to deale,
I lay the plot, he prosecutes the point,
I set the trap, he breakes the worthles twigs,
And sees not that wherewith the bird was limde.
Thus hopefull men that meane to hold there owne,
Must looke like Fowlers to their dearest friends ;
He runnes to kill, whom I haue holpe to catch,
And no man knowes it was my reaching fatch,
Tis hard to trust vnto a multitude,
Or any one (in mine opinion)
When men themselues their secrets will reueale.

Enter a messenger with a Letter.

Lor. Boy?

Mes. My Lord.

Lor. Whatshē?

Mes. I haue a Letter to your Lordship.

Lor. From whence?

Mes. From Pedringano that's imprisoned.

Lor. So, he is imprisoned then?

Mes. I. my good Lord.

Lor. What would he with vs?

He writes vs here: *To stānd good L. and helpe him in distres. &c.*
Tell him I haue his Letters, know his minde,
And what we may, let him assure him off,
Fellow, be gone, my Boy shall followe thee.

Exit Mes.

This

The Spanish Tragedie.

This workes like waxe, yet once more tri thy wits,
Boy, goe, conuey this Purse to Pedringano,
Thou knowest the Prison, closely giue it him,
And be aduisde that none be there about,
Bid him be merrie still, but secret:
And though the Marshals Sessions be to day,
Bid him not doubt of his desmerit,
Tell him his Pardon is alreadie signde,
And thereon bid him boldly be resolute:
For were he ready to be turned off,
As tis my will the vttermost be tride:
Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still,
Shew him this boxe, tell him his pardons in't,
But open't not, and if thou louest thy life:
But let him wisely keepe his hopes vnkowne,
He shall not want while *Don Lorenz*o liues: away.

Page. I goe, my Lord, I runne.

Lor. But Sirra, see that this be cleanly done, *Exit. Page.*
Now stands our fortune on a tickle point,
And now or never ends *Lorenz*o's doubts:
One only thing is vneffected yet,
And that's to see the Executioner,
But to what end? I list not trust the ayre,
with vtterance of our pretence therein,
For feare the priuie whispering of the winde,
Conuey our wordes amongst vnfriendly cares,
That lie too open to aduantages.

*Et quel que voglio Il nessun le sia,
Intendo io quel mi bessara.*

Exit.

Enter Boy with the Boxe.

My Maister hath forbidden me to looke in this Boxe, and
by my troth tis likely, if he had not warned mee, I should not
haue had so much idle time: for we mens-kinde in our mine-
ritie, are like women in their vncertaintie: that they are most
forbidden, they will soonest attempt: so I now. By my bare
honestie, heere's nothing but the bare emptie Boxe: were it

F 2.

not

The Spanish Tragedie.

not sinne against secrecie, I wold say it were a peece of gentleman-like knauerie; I must go to *Pedringano* and tel him his pardon is in this boxe: nay I wold haue sworne it, had I not seene the contrarie. I cannot chuse but smile to thinke, how the villaine will flout the gallowes, scorne the audience, and descant on the hang-man: and all presuming of his pardon from hence. Wilt not bee an odde iest, for mee to stand and grace every iest hee makes, pointing my finger at this boxe as who should say, mocke on, heer's thy warrant? Ist not a scuruic iest, that a man should iest himselfe to death. Alas, poore *Pedringano*, I am in a sort sorry for thee; but if I should be hanged with thee, I cannot weepe.

Exe.

Enter Hieronimo, and the Deputie.

Hie. Thus must we toile in other mens extreames,
That know not how to remedie our owne;
And doe them iustice, when vniustly we,
For all our wrongs can compasse no redresse.
But shall I neuer liue to see the day,
That I may come by iustice (of the heauens)
To know the cause that may my cares allay?
This toiles my body, this consumeth age,
That onely I to all men iust must be,
And neither Gods nor men be iust to me.

Depu. Worthy *Hieronimo*, your office askes
A care to punish such as doe transgresse.

Hie. So ist my duetie to regard his death,
Who when he liued deserued my dearest blood:
But come, for that we came for, lets begin,
For heere lies that which bids me to begone.

*Enter Officers, Boy, and Pedringano, with a letter
in his hand, bound.*

Depu. Bring foorth the prisoner, for the Court is set.

Ped. Gramarcie boy: but, it was time to come,
For I had written to my Lord anew,
A neerer matter that concernehim,
For feare his Lordship had forgotten me:
But sith he hath remembred me so well.

Come

The Spanish Tragedie.

Come, come, come on, when shall we to this geare?

Hie. Stand foorth thou monster, murderer of men,
And heere for satisfaction of the worlde,
Confesse thy follie, and repent thy fault,
For there's thy place of execution.

Ped. This is short worke; well, to your Marshalship:
First, I confess, nor feare I death therefore,
I am the man, tw'as I slew Serberine.
But sir, then you thinke this shall be the place,
Where we shall satisfie you for this geare?

Depu. I, Peiringeno.

Ped. Now, I thinke not so.

Hie. Peace impudent, for thou shalt finde it so,
For blood with blood, shall while I sit as Judge,
Be satisfied, and the Law dischardge,
And though my selfe cannot receive the like,
Yet will I see that other haue their right,
Dispatch, the fault approued and confess,
And by our law he is condemn'd to die.

Hang. Come on sir, are you ready?

Ped. To do what, my fine officious knaue.

Hang. To goe to this geare.

Ped. O sir, y ou are too forward, thou wouldest faine furnish
me with a halter, to disfurnish me of my habite.
So I shou'd goe out of this geare my raiment, into that geare
the rope,

But Hang-man, now I spie your knauerie, ile not chaunge
with out boot, that's flat,

Hang. Come Sir.

Ped. So then I must vp.

Hang. No remedie.

Ped. Yes, but there shall be for comming downe.

Hang. Indeed heere's a remedie for that.

Ped. How, be turned off?

Hang. I truely: come, are you readie.

I pray you sir despatch, the day goes away.

Ped. What doe you hang by the houre, if you doe, I may

chaunce

The Spanish Tragedie.

chance to breake your old custome.

Hang. Faith you haue no reason, for I am like to break your young necke.

Ped. Doest thou mocke me *Handg-man?* pray God I be not preserued to breake your knaues pate for this.

Hang. Alas Sir, you are a foote too low to reach it, and I hope you will neuer grow so high while I am in the office.

Ped. Sirra, doest see yonder Boy with the Boxe in his hand?

Hang. What he that pointest o it with his finger.

Ped. I, that companion.

Hang. I know him not, but what of him?

Ped. Doest thou thinke to liue till his olde dublet will make thee a new trusse?

Hang. I, and many a faire yeere after, to trusse vp many an honeste man then either thou or he.

Ped. What hath he in his boxe as thou thinkest?

Hang. Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly, Me thinkes you should rather harken to your soule's health.

Ped. Why, Sirra *Hang-man*, I take it, that that is good for the body, is likewise good for the soule: and it may bee, in that boxe is balme for both.

Hang. Well, thou art even the merriest peece of mans-flesh that ere gronde at my office doore.

Ped. Is your roagarie become an Office, with a knaues name?

Hang. I, and that shall all they witnes, that see you seale it with a theenes name.

Ped. I prethee, request this good company to pray for me.

Hang. I marry, sir, this is a good motion: my masters, you see heeres a good fellow.

Ped. Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone til some other time, for now I haue no great neede.

Hiere. I haue not seene a wretch so impudent.

O monstrous times where murder's set so light,
And where the soule that should be shriued in heauen,
Solely delights in interdicted things,
Still wandring in the thornie passages,

That

The Spanish Tragedie.

That intercepts it selfe of happinesse.
Murder, O bloodie monster; God forbid,
A fault so foule should scape vnpunished.
Dispatch, and see the execution done,
This makes mee to remember thee my sonne.

Exit Hero.

Ped. Nay soft, no haste.

Depu. Why, wherefore stay you? haue you hope of life?

Ped. Why I.

Hang. As how?

Ped. Why Rascall, by my Pardon from the King.

Hang. Stand you on that? then you shall of with this.

He turns him off.

Depu So Executioner, conuey him hence,
But let his body be vnburied:
Let not the earth be choaked or infect
With that, which heauen contemnes, and men neglect.

Exeunt.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hiero. Where shall I runne to breath abroad my woes,
My woes whose weight hath wearied the earth?
Or mine exclaymes, that haue surcharg'd the ayre,
With ceaſeles plaints, for my deceased Sonne;
The blustering winds conspiring with my wordes,
At my lament, haue mooued the leauelſſe Trees,
Disroabde the Meadowes of their flowred greene,
Made Mountaines Marsh, with ſpring-tide of my teares:
And broken through the brazen Gates of Hell.
Yet ſtill tormented is my tortured ſoule,
With broken ſighes and restles paſſions,
That winged mount, and houering in the ayre,
But at the windowes of the brighteſt heauens,
Soliciting for Iuſtice and Revenge:
But they are plac'd in thofe imperiall heights,
Where countenanc'd with walles of Diamond,
I finde the place impregnable: and they
Reſiſt my woes, and giue my wordes no way.

Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter Hang-man with a Letter.

Han. O Lord sir, God blesse you sir, the man sir, Petergade,
Sir, hee that was so full of merry conciters.

Hier. Well, What of him?

Han. O Lord sir, he went the wrong way ; the fellow had
a faire Commission to the contrarie. Sir, heere is his Pas-
port ; I pray you sir, we haue done him wrong.

Hier. I warrant thee, giue it me.

Han. You will stand betweene the Gallowes and me.

Hier. I, I.

Han. I thanke your L. worship.

Exit Hang-man.

Hier. And yet though somewhat nearer me concernes,
I will to ease the grieve that I sustaine,
Take trace with sorrow, while I read on this.

*My Lord, I write, as my extreames requirde,
That you would labour my deliuerie :
If you neglect, my life is desperate,
And in my death, I shall reueale the troth :
You know, my Lord, I slew him for your sake,
And was confederate with the Prince and you,
Wonne by rewardes, and hopefull promises,
I holpe to murder Don Horatio too.*

*Holpe he to murder mine Horatio,
And actors in th' accursed Tragedie ?
Wast thou Lorenzo, Balthazar, and thou,
Of whom my sonne, my sonne deserued so well,
What haue I heard ? what haue mine eyes beheld ?
O Sacred heauens, may it come to passe,
That such a monstrous and detested deed,
So closely smotherd, and so long conceald,
Shall thus be this reuenged or reueald ?
Now see I what I durst not than suspect,
That *Bel-imperias* letter was not fainde ?
Nor fained she, though falsely they haue wrongd,
Both her, my selfe, Horatio, and themselues.
Now may I make comparetwixt hers and this,
Of euery accident, I neere could finde,*

The Spanish Tragedie.

Till now, and now I feelingly perceiue
They did what heauen vnpunisht would not leaue.
O false *Lorenzo*, are these thy flattering lookes?
Is this the honour that thou didst my sonne?
And *Balthazar*, bane to thy soule and me,
Was this the ransome he reseru'd for thee?
Woe to the cause of these constrained warres,
Woe to thy basenes and captiuitie.
Woe to thy birth, thy bodie, and thy soule,
Thy cursed father, and thy conquered selfe
And band with bitter execrations be,
The day and place where he did pittie thee:
But wherefore waste I mine vnfuitfull wordes,
When nought but blood will satisfie my woes?
I will goe plaine me to my Lord the King,
And cry aloude for iustice through the court,
Wearing the flintes with these my withered feete,
And either purchase iustice by intreates,
Or tire them all with my reuenging threats.

Exit.

Enter *Fabella* and her maide.

I/a. So that you say, this herbe will purge the eye,
And this the head: ah, but none of them will purge the h[er] art:
No ther's no medicin left for my disease,
Nor any physicke to recure the dead:

She runnes lunaticke.

Horatio, O wher's Horatio?

Maid. Good Maddame, affright not thus your selfe,
With outrage for your sonne *Horatio*,
He sleepes in quiet in the *Elyzian* fieldes.

II/a. Why, did I not giue you gownes and goodly thinges,
Bought you a whistle and a whipstalke too:
To be reuenged on their villanies.

Maid. Maddame, these humours do torment my soule.

II/a. My soule, poore soule, thou talkes of thinges
Thou knowest not what, my soule hath siluer wings,
That mounts me vp vnto the highest heauens,
To heauen, I there sits my *Horatio*.

G.

Backt

The Spanish Tragedie.

Backt with a troupe of fierie Cherrubins,
Dauncing about his newely healed woundes
Singing sweete Hymnes, and chaunting heauenlie notes,
Rare harmonie to greet his innocencie,
That liude : I, dide a mirrour in our dayes.
But say, where shall I finde the men, the murderers,
That slew Horatio? whether shall I runne
To finde them out, that murdered my Sonne? Exeunt.

Bel-imperia at a Window.

Bel. What meanes this outrage that is offered mee?
Why am I thus sequestred from the Court?
No notice; shall I not know the cause
Of this my secret and suspitious illes?
Accursed Brother, vnkind murderer,
Why bends thou thus thy minde to martire mee?
Hieronimo, why write I of thy wronges?
Or why art thou so slacke in thy reuenge?
Andrea, O *Andrea!* that thou sawest
Mee, for thy friend *Horatio* handled thus,
And him for mee, thus causelesse murdered.
Well, force perforce, I must constraine my selfe
To patience, and applie me to the time,
Till Heauen (as I haue hoped) shall set mee free.

Enter Christophell.

Chri. Come Madame *Bel-imperia*, this may not be. Exeunt.

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, and the Page.

Lor. Boy, talke no further, thus farre things go well;
Thou art assured that thou sawest him dead?

Page. Orels (my Lord) I liue not.

Lor. That's enough.
As for his resolution in his ende, *my* *Lord* *no* *be* *my* *Lord* *no* *be* *my* *Lord*
Leaue that to him with whom he soiourns now.
Heere take my Ring, and give it *Christophell*,
And bid him let my Sister be enlargde,
And bring her hither straight, *my* *Lord* *no* *be* *my* *Lord* *no* *be* *my* *Lord*
This that I did was for a policie, Exit Page.

To,

The Spanish Tragedie.

To smooth and keepe the murther secret,
Which at a nine dayes woonder being ore-blowne,
My gentle Sister will I now inlarge.

Bal. And time (*Lorenzo*) for my Lord the Duke,
You heard enquired for her yester-night.

Lor. Why? and my Lord (I hope) you heard me say
Sufficient reason, why she kept away:
But that's all one; my Lord, you loue her?

Bal. I.

Lor. Then in your loue beware, deale cunninglie,
Salue all suspitions, onelie sooth me vp:
And if she hap to stand on tearmes with vs:
As for her sweet-heart and concealement so,
Iest with her gently, vnder fained iest,
Are things concealde that els would breed vnrest.
But heere she comes.

Enter Bel-imperia.

Lor. Now Sister.

Bel. Sister: No, thou art no Brother, but an enemie:
Else woulst thou not haue vsed thy Sister so:
First to affright mee with thy weapons drawne,
And with extremes abuse my companie:
And then to hurrie mee like whirl-winds rage,
Amidst a crue of thy confederates:
And clapt mee vp where none might come at mee,
Nor I at anie, to reueale my wronges.
What madding furie did possesse thy wit?
Or wherein ist that I offended thee?

Lor. Aduisce you better *Bel-imperia*,
For I haue done you no disparagement:
Vnlesse by more discretion then deserued,
I sought to saue your honour and mine owne:

Bel. Mine honour? why *Lorenzo*, wherein ist
That I neglect my reputation so,
As you, or any need to rescue it?

Lor. His Highnesse, and my Father were resolu'd
To come confesse with old *Hieronimo*,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Concerning certaine matters of estate,
That by the Vice-roy was determined.

Bel. And wherein was mine honour toucht in that?

Bel. Haue patience Bel-imperia, heare the rest.

Lor. Mee next in sight, as Messenger they sent,
To give him notice that they were so nigh:
Now when I came, consorted with the Prince,
And vnexpected in an Arbour there,
Found Bel-imperia with Horatio.

Bel. How than?

Lor. Why then remembryng that old disgrace,
Which you for *Don Andrea* had indurd,
And now were likely longer to sustaine,
By being found so meanelly accompanied:
Thought rather (for I know no readier meane)
To thrust *Horatio* foorth my fathers way.

Bel. And carrie you obscurelie some-where else,
Least, that his Highnes should haue found you there.

Bel. Euen so my Lord, and you are witnesse,
That this is true which he intreateth of.
You (gentle brother) forged this for my sake,
And you, my Lord, were made his instrument:
A worke of worth, worthy the noting too.
But what's the cause that you conceald me since?

Lor. Your melancholie, Sister, since the newes
Of your first fauourite *Don Andreas* death,
My fathers old wrath hath exasperate.

Bel. And better waſt for you being in disgrace
To absent your ſelfe, and giue his furie place.

Bel. But why had I no notice of his ire?

Lor. That were to adde more Fewell to the fire,
Who burnt like *Etna*, for *Andreas* losſe.

Bel. Hath not my father then enquirde for mee?

Lor. Sister, he hath, and thus excusde I thee.
He whispereth in her eare.
But Bel-imperia, ſee the gentle Prince,
Looke on thy Loue, behold young Balthazar,

Whofc

The Spanish Tragedie.

Whose passions by thy presence are increast,
And in whose melancholie thou mayest see,
Thy hate, his loue: thy flight, his following thee,

Bel. Brother, you are become an Oratour,

I know not I, by what experience,
Too polliticke for mee, past all compare,
Since last I saw you; but content your selfe,
The Prince is meditating higher things.

Bal. Tis of thy beautie then, that conquers Kinges,
Of those thy tresses *Ariadnes* twines:
Wherewith my libertie thou hast surprisde,
Of that thine iuorie front, my sorrowes map,
Wherein I see no Hauen to rest my hope.

Bei. To loue, and feare, and both at once my Lord,
In my conceite, are things of more import,
Then womens wits are to be busied with.

Balt. Tis I that loue.

Bel. Whom?

Bal. Bel-imperia.

Bel. But I that feare.

Bal. Whom?

Bal. Bel-imperia.

Lor. Fearc your selfe?

Bel. I Brother.

Lor. How? (loose,

Bel. As those, that when they loue, are loath, and feare to

Bal. Then faire, let Balthazar your keeper be.

Bel. Balthazar doth feare as well as we.

Est tremulo me ini pavidem innare timorem,

Et vanum stolidam prodictionis opus.

Exit.

Lor. Nay, and you argue thinges so cunningly,
Weele goe continue this discourse at Court.

Bal. Led by the Load-starre of her heauenly lookes,
Wendes poore oppressed Balthazar,
As ore the Mountaines walkes the wanderer,
Incertaine to effect his Pilgrimage.

Exeunt

Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter two Portingales, and Hiero aym, meets them,

I By your leauie sir.

Hie. Tis neither as you thinke, nor as you thinke,
Not as you thinke: you're wide all:
These Slippers are not mine, they were my sonne Horatios:
My sonne, and what's a sonne?
A thing begot within a paire of minutes, there about:
A lumpe bred vp in darkenesse, and doth serue
To ballace these light creatures we call Women:
And ar nine monethes end, creepes foorth to light.
What is there yet in a sonne?
To make a father dote, rauie, or runnemadde.
Beeing borne, it poutes, cryes, and breedes teeth.
What is there yet in a sonne?
He must be fed, be taught to goe, and speake:
I, or yet; Why might not a man loue a Calfe as well?
Or melt in passion ore a frisking Kidde, as for a sonne?
Mee thinkes a young Bacon,
Or a fine little smooth Horse-colt,
Should moue a man, as much as doth a sonne:
For one of these in very little time,
Will grow to some good vse; where as a sonne,
The more he growes in stature and in yeares,
The more vnsquard, vnbeuelled he appeares;
Reckons his Parents among the rancke of fooles,
Strikes care vpon their heades with his mad ryots,
Makes them looke old, before they meeete with age:
This is a sonne: and what a losse were this, considered truly?
O but my Horatio, grew out of reach of these
Infatiate humours: Hee loued his louing Parentes,
He was my comfort, and his mothers ioy,
The very arme that did hold vp our house,
Our hopes were stored vp in him.
None but a damned murderer could hate him:
He had not seene the backe of nineteene yeere
When his strong arme vnhorst the proud Prince Balthazar,
And his great minde too full of Honour,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Tooke him vs to mercy, that valiant, but ignoble Portingale.
Well, heauen is heauen still,
And there is Nemesis and Furies,
And things called whippes.
And they sometimes doe meeete with murderers,
They doe not alwayes scape, that's some comfort.
I, I, I, and then time steales on : and steales, and steales
Till violence leapes foorth like thunder
Wrapt in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.
Good leauue haue you : I pray you goe.
For Ile leauue, if you can leauue me, so.

2 Pray you, which is the way to my L. the Dukes?

Hte. The next way from me.

2 To his house we meane.

Hte. O, hard by, tis yon house that ye see.

2 You could not tell vs if his sonne were there?

Hte. who, my Lord Lorenz?

1 I, sir.

He goes in at one dore, and comes out at another.

Hier. Oh, forbeare, for other talke for vs farre fitter were,
But if you be importune to know.

The way to him, and where to finde him out,
Then list to mee, and Ile resolute your doubt:
There is a path vpon your left hand side,
That leadeth from a guiltie Conscience,
Vnto a forrest of distract and feare

A darkeosome place and dangerous to passe;
There shall you mette with melancholie thoughts,
Whose balefull humors if you but vphold,
It will conduct you to despaire and death:
Whose rockie clifffes, when you haue once beheld,
Within a hugie dale of lasting night,
That kindled with the world's iniquities,
Doth cast vp filthie and detested fumes.
Not farre from thence, where murtherers haue built,

A habi-

The Spanish Tragedie.

A habitation for their cursed soule :
There, in a brazen Caldron fixt by *Ioue*,
In his fell wrath, vpon a sulphire flame ;
Your selues shall find *Lorenzo* bathing him,
In boyling Lead, and Blood of innocentes.

i Ha, ha, ha.

Hier. Ha,ha,ha : why ha,ha,ha? Farewell good ha,ha,ha.

Exit.

2 Doubtlesse this man is passing lunaticke,
Or imperfection of his age doth make him dote:
Come, lets away, to seeke my Lord the Duke.

Exeunt.

Enter *Hieronimo* with a Poynard in one hand,
and a Rope in the other.

Hiero. Now sit, perhaps I come and see the King,
The King sees mee, and faine would heare my sute:
Why is not this a strange, and seeld seene thing,
That standers by, with toyes should strike me mute?
Goe toe, I see their shiftes, and say no more.

Hieronimo, tis time for thee to trudge,

Downe by the Dale that flowes with purple Gore

Standeth a firie Towre ; there sits a Judge,

Vpon a seate of Steele and molten Brasse :

And twixt his teeth he holdes a Fire-brand,

That leades vnto the Lake where Hell doth stand :

Away *Hieronimo* to him, be gone :

Heele doe thee iustice for *Horatios* death,

Turne downe this path, thou shalt be with him straight :

Or this, and then thou needst not take thy breath,

This way, or that way : soft and faire, not so,

For if I hang or kill my selfe, lets know

Who will reuenge *Horatios* murder then ?

No, no, fie no : pardon me, Ile none of that.

He flings away the Dagger and halter.

This way I letake, and this way comes the King,

He takes them v^e againe.

And heere Ile haue a fling at him that's flat,

And *Balthazar*, Ile be with thee to bring,

And

And thee, Lorenzo; heere's the King may stay;
And heere, I heere: there goesthe Hare away.

Enter King, Embassadour, Castile and Lorenzo.

King. Now shew Embassadour, what our Vice-roy saith,
Hath he receiued the Articles we sent?

Hiero. Justice, O Justice to Hieronimo.

Lor. Backe, seest thou not the King is busie?

Hiero. Oh is he so?

King. Who is he that interruptes our businesse?

Hiero. Not I: Hieronimo beware, goe by, goe by.

Embas. Renowned King, he hath receiued, and read

Thy Kingly proffers, and thy promist League;

And as a man ex'reamely ouer-joy'd,

To heare his Sonne so princelie entertain'd,

Whose death he had so solemlie bewayl'd.

This for thy further satisfaction,

And Kinglie loue, he kindlie lets thee know:

First, for the mariage of his princelie Sonne,

With Bel-imperia, thy beloued Neece,

The newes are more delightfull to his soule,

Then Myrth or Incense to the offended heauens

In person therefore will he come him selfe,

To see the mariage rites solemnized

And in the presence of the Court of Spaine,

To knit a sure inexplicable band

Of Kingly loue, and euerlasting league

Betwixt the Crownes of Spaine and Portingale:

There will he giue his Crowne to Balthazar,

And make a Queene of Belimperia.

King. Brother, how like you this our Vice-royes loue?

Cast. No doubt, my Lord, it is an argument

Of honourable care to keepe his friend,

And wondetous zeale to Balthazar his Sonne:

Nor am I least indebted to his Grace,

That bendes his liking to my Daughter thus.

Emib. Now last(dread Lord)heere hath his Highnes sent,
(Although he send not, that his Sonne returne)

H.

His

The Spanish Tragedie.

His ransome due to Don Horatio.

Hiero. Horatio who calles Horatio?

King. And well remembred, thank his Majestie:

Heere, see it giuen to Horatio.

Hiero. Justice, O Justice, Justice gentle King.

King. Who is that, Hieronimo?

Hier. Justice, O Justice: O my Sonne, my Sonne:

My sonne, whom naught can ransome or redeem.

Loz. Hieronimo, you are not well aduisde:

Hiero. Aw y Lorenzo, hindre me no more,
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my blisse:

Give mee my Sonne, you shall not ransome him,

Away, Ile rip the bowels of the earth,

Hier. diageth with his dagger

And seirre cuer to th' Elizian paines,

And bring my Sonne to shew his deadly wondes

Stand from about me, Ile make a Pick-axe of my Poniard,

And heere surrender vp my Marshallship:

For Ile goe marshall vp the Feendes in Hell,

To be auenged on you all, for this.

King. What meane this outrage;

Will none of you restraine his furie

Hiero. Nay soft and taire, you shall not need to straine.
Needes must he goe, that the Devils drue. Exit.

King. What accident hath happt to Hieronimo?

I haue not seene him to demeane him so,

Loz. My gracious Lord, he is with extreame pride,

Conceiued of young Horatio his Sonnes;

And couetous of having to himselfe,

The Ransome of the young Prince Balthazar,

Distract, and in a manner lunaticke.

King. Believe mee Nephew, we are sorie for't.

This is the loue that Fathers beare their Sonnes:

But gentle Brother, goe giue to him this Gold,

The Princes Ransom; let him haue his due,

For what he hath, Horatio shall not want,

Happily Hieronimo hath need thereof.

Loz.

Lo2. But if he be thus hapleslie distract,
Tis requisite his office be resign'd.
And giuen to one of more discretion.

King. We shall increase his melancholy so,
Tis best we see further in it first:
Till when, our selfe will exempt the place.
And brother, now bring in the Embassadour,
That he may be a witnesse of the match
Twixt Balthazar and Bel-imperia,
And that we may prefixe a certaine time,
Wherein the Marriage shal be solemnized,
That we may haue thy Lord the Vice-roy heere.

Emb. Therein your highnesse higely shall content
His Maiestie, that longes to heare from hence.

kin. On then, and he're your Lord Embassadour. **Ereunt**

Enter Jaques and Pedro.

Jaq. I wonder Pedr^o, why our Maister thus
At midnight sendes vs with our Torches light,
When man and bird and beast are all at rest,
Save those that watch for rape and bloodie murder?

Ped. O Jaques, know thou, that our Maisters minde
Is much distraught since his Horatio dyed,
And now his aged yeare should sleepe in rest,
His heart in quiet, like a desperat man,
Growes lunaticke and childish for his Sonne;
Sometimes as he doth at his Table sit,
He spakes as if Horatio lloyd by him:
Then staring in a rage, falleth on the earth,
Cryes out Horatio, Where is my Horatio?
So that with extreame griefe and cutting sorrow,
There is not left in him, one ynch of man:
See where he comes.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hiero. I prie through euery creuice of each Wal,
Looke on each tree and search through euery bracke:
Beat at the bushes, stampe our grandam earth,
Dive in the watter, and stare vp to heauen,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Yet can not I beho'd my sonne Horatio.

How now, who's there, sprights, spights?

Ped. Wee are your Servants that attend you sir.

Hier. What make you with your Torches in the darke?

Ped. You bid vs light them, and attend you heere.

Hie. No, no, you ar: deceiu'd, not I, you are deceiu'd,
Was I so madd to bid you light your Torches now,

Light mee your Torches at the mid of noone,

When as the Sun-God rides in all his glorie:

Light me your Torches then.

Ped. Then we burne day light,

Hier. Let it be burnt, night is a murderous slut,

That would not haue her treasons to be seene,

And yonder palefaced Hee-cat there the Moone

Doth giue consent to that is done in darknesse:

And all those Starres that gaze vpon her face,

Are Agglots on her sleeve Pins on her traine:

And those that shoulde be powerfull and divine,

Doe sleepe in darknes, when they most should shine.

Ped. Prouoke them not faire sir, with tempting words,
The Heauens are gracious, and your miseries and sorrow,
Makes you speake you know not what.

Hier. Villaine, thou lyest; and thou doest nought

But tell mee I am madd: thou lyest, I am not madd.

I know thee to be Pedr^o and he Jaques:

Ile prooue it to thee; and were I mad, how could I?

Where was she that lame night, when my Hora was murdred

She shoulde haue shone; Search thou the booke:

Had the Moone shone in my boyes face (there was a kinde of

That I know) nay, I do know had the murderer leene him,

His weapon woulde haue fall'n and cut the earth,

Had he ben framde of naught but blood and death,

Alacke, when Mischiefe doth it knowes not what,

What shall we say to Mischief?

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Deare Hieronimo, come in a doore.

O seeke not meanes to increase thy sorrow.

Hier.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Pie. Indeed Isabella, we doe nothing heere,
I doe not cry, aske Pedro, and aske Jaques
Not I indeed, we are very merrie, very merrie.

Isa. How? be merrie heere, be merrie heere.
Is not this the place, and this the very tree,

Where my Horatio dyed, where he was murdered

Hier. Was, doe not say what: let her weepe it out,
This was the tree I set it of a Kirell,

And when our hott Spaine could not let it grow

But that the Intant and the humainesapp,

Began to wither; duly twice a morning,

Would I be sprinkling it with fountaine water,

At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore,

Till at the length it grew a Gallowes, and did beare our Sonne

It bore thy fruite and mine: O wicked, wicked plant.

One knockes within at the doore.
See who knockes there.

Pedro. It is a Painter sir.

Hiero. Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely there's none liues but painted comfort:
Let him come in, one knowes not what may chaunce:
Gods will, that I should set this tree,
But euen so maisters, vngrarefull seruants reard from nought,
And then they hate them, that did bring them vp.

Enter the Painter.

Paint. God blesse you sir.

Hier. Wherefore, why, thou scornefull vilaine?
How, where, or by what meanes shold I be blest?

Isa. What wouldest thou haue good fellow?

Paint. Justice, Madamme.

Hier. O ambitious begger, wouldest thou haue that,
That liues not in the worlde,

Why all the vndelid Mynes cannot buy

An ounce of Justice, tis a jewell so inestimable:

I tell thee God hath ingrossed all Justice in his handes,
And there is none, b'it what comes to n'him, (sonne

Pai. O then I see that God must right me for my murdred

THE SPANISH TRAGEDIE.

Hiero. How was thy Sonne murdered?

Pain. I sir: no man did hold a Sonne so deare.

Hiero. What not as thise? that's a lie,

As massie as the eaath I had a Sonne,

Whose least vnuallued haire did waigh

A thonsond of thy Sonnes: and he was murdered.

Pain. Alas sir, I had no more but hee.

Hier. Nor I, nor I: but this same one of mine,

Was worth a legion: but all is one,

Pedro, Jaques: goe in a doores Isabella, goe,

And this good fellow heere, and I,

Will range this hidious Orchard vp and downe,

Liketo two Lyons reaued of their young:

Goe in a doores, I say.

Ereunt.

The Painter and he sits downe.

Come, let's talke wisely now,

Was thy Sonne mur dered?

Pain. I sir,

Hiero. So was mine.

How doo'st take it? art thou not sometimes madd?

Is there no trickes that comes before thine eyes?

Pain. O Lord yes sir.

Hier. Art a Painter? canst paint me a teare, or a wound,
A groane, or a sigh? canst paint me such a tree as this?

Pain. Sir, I am sure you haue heard of my painting,
My name's Bazardo.

Hie. Bazardo, afore-God an excellent fellow. Looke you sir
Doe you see; I'de haue you paint me my Gallarie
In your Oyle culloures mat ted: and draw me ffeue
Yeeres younger then I am. Doe you see sir, let ffeue
Yeeres agoe; Let them goe like the Marshall of Spaine,
My wife Isabella, standing by me

With a speaking looke to my Sonn Horatio.

Which shoulde intende to this, or some such like purpose:

God blesse thee my sweete sonne; and my hand leaning vpon
his head thus sir: doe you see? may it be done?

Pain. Very well sir.

Hier.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hiero. Nay, I pray marke mee sir:

Then sir, would I haue you paint me this tree, this very tree,
Canst paint a doleful cry?

Paint. Seemingly, sir.

Hier. Nay, it should cry: but all is one.

Well sir, paint me a youth run thorow and thoro w with vil-
laines swords, hanging vpon this tree.

Canst thou draw a Murderer?

Pain. I warrant you sir,

I haue the patterne of the most notorious Villaines,
That ever liued in all Spaine.

Hiero. O, let them be worse, worse; stretch thine Art,
And let their beardes be of Judas his owne colour:
And let their eye-browes iutty ouer: in any case obserue that.
Then sir, after some violent noyse,
Bring me foorth in my shirt, and my gowne vnder mine arme,
With my Torch in my hand, and my sword reared vp thus:
And with these wordes.

What noyse is this, who calles Hieronimo?
May it be done?

Paint. Yea sir.

Hie Well sir; then bring me foorth, bring me through allie
and aillie, still with a distracted countenaunce going along,
and let my haire heaue vp my night-cap.

Let the Clowdes scowle, make the Moone darke, the Starres
extinct, the windes blowing, the Belles towling, the Owle
shriking, the Toades croking, the Minuts jerring, and the
Clocke striking twelve.

And then at last sir, starting behold a man hanging: And tot-
tering, and tottering as you know the winde will weare a
man, and I with a rype to cut him downe.

And looking vpon him by the aduantage of my Torch, finde
it to be my sonne Horatio.

There you may a passion, there you may shew a passion.

Draw mee like old Pyram of Troy.

Cryng, the house is a fire, the house is a fire,

As the Torch ouer thy head. Make mee curse.

Make

The Spanish Tragedie.

Make me rauue make me cry, make me mad.
Make me well againe make me curse hell,
Inuocate ,and in the ende, leaue me
In a traunce, and so forth.

Paint. And is this the end.

Hie. O no, there is no end: the end is death and mandnes.
As I am never better then when I am mad,
Then me thinkes I am a braue fellow,
Then I doe wonders: But reason abuseth me,
And there's the torment, there's the hell.
At the last, sir, bring me to one of the murderers,
Were he as strong as Hector, thus would I
Teare and drage him vp and downe.

He beates the Painter in, then comes out againe;

with a Boke in his hand.

Vindicta mihi.

I, heauen will be reueng'd of euery ill.
Nor will they suffer murder vnapaid:
Then stay, a Hieronimo, attend their will,
For mortall men may not appoint a time.

Perscelus semper tu tum est sceleribus iter.
Strike, and strike home , where wrong is offered thee,
For culs vnto ils conducters be,
And Death's the worst of resolution:
For he that thinkes with patience to contend,
To quiet life, his life shall easly ende.

Fata similescos iuuant habes salutem,

Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum.

If Destinie thy miseries do case,
Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be.
If Destinie denie thee life Hieronimo,
Yet shalt thou be assured of a Tombe:
If neither, yet let this thy comfort be,
Heauen couereth him that hath no buriall.
And to conclude, I wist reuenge his death,
But how? not as the vulgar wits of men,
With open but inevitable ils:

As

The Spanish Tragedie.

As by a secret, yet a certaine meane, vnde I ake I
Which vnder kindship will be cloaked best,
Wise men will take theire opportunity,
Closely and safely, fitting things to time.
But in extremes, vantage hath on times. O
And therefore all times fit not for reuenge:
Thus therefore will I rest mee in vnrest,
Dissembling quiet in vnaquietnesse:
Not seeming that I know their villanies,
That simplicitie may make them thinke,
That ignorantly I will let it slip:
For ignorance I wot, and well they know,

Remedium malorum mers' es.

Nor ought auayles it mee to menace them,
Who, as a wintrie storne vpon a plaine,
Will beat me downe with their Nobilitie.
No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoyne
Thine eyes to obseruation, and thy tongue
To milder speeches then thy spirits afforde,
Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
Thy Cappe to cattesie, and thy Knee to bow,
Till to reuenge, thou know when, where, and how.

A noyse within.

How now, what noyse? what cosle is that you keepe?

Enter a Servant.

Her. Here are a sort of poore Petitioners,
That are importunate, and it shall please yo' sir,
That you shoule plead their cases to the King.

Hiero. That I shoule plead their severall Actions:
Why let them enter, and let mee see them.

Enter th're Citizens, and an old man.

I. So, I tell you this, for learning and for law,
There's not any Advocate in Spaine,
That can preuaile, or will take halfe the paine,
That he will impurifie of equitie.

Hiero. Come neere, you men that thus importune mee,
(Now must I beare a f. for organtie)

aid I

I.

For

The Spanish Tragedie.

For this I vsde before my Marshalship,
To plead in causes as Corriegdoz.
Come on sirs, what's the matter?

2 Sir an Action

Hiero. Of Batterie?

1 Mint of debt.

Hier. Give place.

2 No sir, mine is an action of the Case.

3 Mine an Election Firmaly Leale.

Heir. Content you sirs are you determined

That I should plead your severall actions?

1 I sir, and heere's my Declaration.

2 And heere my Band.

3 And heere is my Lease. They give him Papers.

Hier. But wherefore stand you sillie man to mute,
With mournefull eyes and handes to heauen vpreard?
Come hither Father, let me know thy cause?

Hener. O wothe sir, my cause but slightlie knowne,
May moue the heartes of warlike Myrmidons,
And melt the corsicke Rockes wth ruchfull teares.

Hier. Say Father, tell mee what's thy sute?

Hener. No sir, could my woes
Giue way vnto my most distresfull wordes,
Then should I not in Paper, as you see,
With Incke bewray, what blood began in mee.

Hier. What's heere? I he humble Supplication
Of Don Bazulc, for his murdered Sonne?

Hener. I sir.

Hier. No sir, it was my murdred Sonne, Oh my Sonne,
Oh my Sonne, Oh my Sonne Horatio:
But mine, ort hine, Bazulc be contented.
Heere take my handkircher, and wipe thine eyes,
Whiles wretched I, in thy mishapes may see,
The liuelie portraict of my dying selfe.

He drawes out a bloody Papkin.
O no not this, Horatio this was thine,
And when I dide it in thy dearest blood,

This

The Spanish Tragedie.

This was a token twixt thy soule and mee,
That of thy death reuenged I should be.
But heere, take this, and this: Wh^t my Purse?
I this, and that, and all of them are thine;
For all as one, are our extremities.

i Oh, see the kindnesse of Hieronimo.
This gentlenesse shewes him a Gentleman.

Piere. See, see; Oh see thy shame Hieronimo,
See heere a louing Father to his Sonne:

Behold the sorrowes and the sad lamentes,
That he deliuered for his Sonnes deceasle.

If loue effectes so stiues in lesser thinges,

If loue enforce such moodes in meaner wits,

If loue expresse such power in poore estate:

Hieronimo, when as a raging Sea,

Toste with the winde and tide, o'returnest then

The vpper billowes course of waues to keepe,

Whilest lesser Waters labour in the deepe:

Then shamest thou not Hieronimo to neglect

The swift reuenge of thy Horatio?

Though on this earth Justice will not be found,

Ile downe to Hell, and in this passion,

Knocke at the dismal gates of Plutos Court,

Getting by force (as once Alcides)

A troupe of Furi^s, and tormenting Hagges,

To torture Don Lorenzo and the rest.

Yet least the triple headed Porter should

Denie my passage to the slyme Strond,

The Thracian Poet thou shalt counterfaite:

Come old Father, be my D^rpheus,

And if thou canst no notes vpon the Harpe,

Then sound the burden of the sore hearts griefe,

Till we do gaine, that Proserpine may graunt

Reueng on them that murdered my Sonne.

Then will I rent and teare them thus, and thus,

Shuering their limmes in pecces with my teeth.

Leave the papers.

i Oh

The Spanish Tragedie.

1 Oh sir my Declaration,
Exit Hieronimo, and they after.

2 Save my bond.

Enter Hieronimo.

2 Save my Bond.

3 Alas, my Lease, it cost me ten pound,

And you my Lord, have borne the same.

Hiero. That can not be, I gaue them neuer a wound,

Shew me one drope of blood fall from the same:

How is it possible I should slay it then?

Tush no, run after, catch mee if you can.

Exeunt all but the old man.

Bazulio remaynes till Hieronimo enters againe, who

Staring him in the face speaketh.

Hie. And art thou come Horatio from the deapth,
To aske for Justice in this vpper earth,
To tell thy Father thou art vntreuengde,
To wring more teares from Isabellas eyes:
Whose lights are dim'd with ouer-long lament?
Goe backe my Sonne, complain to Catus,
For heere's no Justice, gentle Boy be gone:
For Justice is exiled from the earth.
Hieronimo will beare thee companie.
Thy Mother cryes enighteous Randamant
For iust reueng against the Murderers.

Sweet. Alas, my L. whence springs this troubled speach?

Hiero. But let mee looke on my Horatio:

Sweete Boy, art thou changde in Deaths blacke shade?

Had Proserpine no pittie on thy youth?

But iusticed the faire crimson culoured spring,

With withered winter to be blasted thus?

Horatio, thou art older then thy Father,

Ah, ruthlesse Father, that fauour thus transforms

Baz. Ah my good L. I am not your ycung Sonne.

Hiero. What, not my Sonne? thou then a Furie art,
Sent from the empie kingdome of blacke night,
To summon mee to make appearance

Before

The Spanish Tragedie.

Before grim **Mythos** and iust **Kadaman**,
To plague **Hieronimo** that is remisse,
And seekes not vengeance for **Horatios** death.

Baz. I am a grieved man, and not a Gholt,
That came for Justice for my murdered Sonne.

Hiero. I, now I know thee, now thou namest my Sonne;
Thou art the lively image of my griefe,
Within thy face my sorrowes I may see:
Thy eyes are grumbld with teare, thy cheeke are wan,
Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttering lippes
Murmure sadde words, abruptly broken off,
By force of windie sighes thy spirit breathes,
And all this sorrow riseth for thy Sonne:
And selfe same sorrow feele I for my Sonne.
Come in old man, thou shalt to **Isabel**,
Leane on my arme: I thee, thou mee, shall stay,
And thou, and I, and shee, will sing a song:
Three parts in one: but all of discords fram'd:
Talke not of Cordes, but let vs now begone,
For with a Cord **Horatio** was slaine.

Ereunt.

Enter King of Spaine, the Duke, Vice-roy, and Lorenzo,

Balthazar, Don Pedro, and Wel-imperia.

King. Goe Brother, is the Duke of Castiles cause,
Salute the Vice-roy in our name.

Cast. I goe.

Vic. Goe forth Don Pedro, for thy Nephewes sake,
And grette the Duke of Castile,

Ped. It shall be sir.

King. And now to meete the Portingales,
For as we now are, so sometymes were these
Kings and Commanders of the Westerne Indies.
We come brare Vice-roy to the Court of Spaine,
And welcome all his honorable traine.
Tis not unknowne to vs, for why you come,
Or haue so kingly crost the Seas:
Sufficed it in this we note the truthe,
And more then common loue you lend to vs.

So.

The Spanish Tragedie.

So is it that mine honorable Neece,
For it be seemes vs now that it be knowne,
Alreadie is he troth'd to Balthazar:
And by appoyntment, and our condiscent,
To morrow are they to be marryed.
To this intent we entertaine thy selfe,
Thy followers, their pleasure, and our peace:
Speake men of Portingale, shall it be so?
If I, say so; if not, say flatly no?

Wice. Renowned King, I come not as thou think'st,
With doubtfull followers, vnsolved men,
But such as haue vpon mine Articles
Confirmed thy motion, and contented me,
Know soutraigne, I come to solemnize
The mariage of thy beloued Neece,
Faire Belimperia with my Balthazar,
With thee my Sonne, whom sith I liue to see.
Here take my Crowne, I give it her and thee:
And let me liue a solitarie life,
Inceaselesse prayers
To thinke how strangely heaven hath thee preserued.

King. See brother see, how Nature striues in him,
Come worthy Vice-roy, and accompanie
Thy friend, with thine extremities:
A place more private fites this Princely mood.

Wice. Or here, or where your Highnes thinks it good,
Exeunt all but Cas. and Loz.

Cass. Nay stay Lozenzo, let me talke with you,
Seest thou this entertainment of these Kinges?

Loz. I do my Lord, and ioy to see the same.

Cas. And knowest thou why this meeting is?

Loz. For her my Lord, whom Balthazar doth loue,
And to confirme their promised mariage.

Cass. Shee is thy sister.

Loz. Who Belimperia? I my gracious Lord,
And this is the day that I haue long so happe lie to see.

Cas. Thou woldst be loth that any fault of thine,

Should

The Spanish Tragorne.

Should intercept her in her happiness.

Lor. Heauens will not let Lorenzo erre so much,

Cas. Why then Lorenzo listen to my wordes,

It is suspected, and reported too,

That thou Lorenzo wrongst Hieronimo,

And in his suites towardes his Maestie,

Still keepes him backe and seekes to crosse his sute,

Lor. That I my Lord?

Cas. I tell thee Sonne my selfe haue heard it sayd,

When to my sorrow I haue been a shamed

To answere for thee, though thou art my Sonne.

Lorenzo knowst thou not the common loue,

And kindnes that Hieronimo hath vponne

By his deserpes, within the Court of Spaine?

Or seest thou not the King my brothers care,

In his behalfe, and to procure his health?

Lorenzo shouldest thou thwart his passions,

And he exclaime against thee to the King.

What honour wert in this assemblie,

Or what a scandale wert among the Kings,

To heare Hieronimo exclaime on thee?

Tell mee, and looke thou tell me truly too,

Whence growes the ground of this report in Court?

Lor. My Lord, it lies not in Lazenzoes power,

To stop the vulgar liberall of their tongues;

A small aduantage makes a water breach,

And no man liues, that long contentethall,

Cas. My selfe haue scene the busie to keepe backes

Him and his supplications from the King.

Lor. Your selfe my Lord, haue I enchi his passions,

That ill besemde the presence of a King:

And for I pitied him in his distresse,

I helde him thence with kinde and curios wordes,

As free from malice to Hieronimo,

As to my soule, my Lord.

Cas. Hieronimo (my Sonne) mistakes thee then.

Lor. My gracious Father, beleue me, so he doth.

The Spanish Tragedie.

But what's a sillie man distract in minde,
To thinke vpon the murder of his Sonne?
Alas, how easie is it for him to erre:
But for his satisfaction and the worlds,
Twere good my Lord, that Hieronimo and I,
Were reconcild in he misconster mee.

Cas. Lorenzo, thou hast said; it shall be so,
Goe one of you and call Hieronimo.

Enter Balthazar and Bel-imperia.

Bal. Come Bel-imperia, Balthazar's content,
My sorrowes ease, and loueraigne of my blisse,
Sith heauen hath ordainde thee to be mine.
Disperse those clowds and melancholly lookes,
And cleare them vp with those thy Sun-bright eyes,
Wherin my hope and heauens faire beautie lyes.

Bel. My lookes (my Lord) are fitting for my loue,
Which new begun, can shew no brighter yet.

Bal. New kindled flames should burne as morning Sunne.

Bel. But not too fast, least heate and all be done.
I see my Lord my Father,

Bal. Truce my loue, I will go salute him.

Cas. Welcome Balthazar, welcome braue Prince,
The pledge of Castiles peace:
And welcome Bel-imperia: How now girle?
Why commest thou fadly to salute vs thus?
Content thy selfe, for I am satisfied,
It is not now as when Andrea diu'd,
We haue forgotten and forgiuen that,
And thou art graced with a happier Loue.
But Balthazar heere comes Hieronimo,

He haue a word with him,

Enter Hieronimo and a Servant.

Hiero. And where's the Duke?

Ser. Yonder.

Hiero. Euens so: what new deuice haue they deuised to
Pocas Palabraz; wilde as the Lambe,
Ist I will bettereng id; no I am not the man.

Cas.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Cas. Welcome Hieronimo.

Loz. Welcome Hieronimo.

Wal. Welcome Hieronimo.

Hier. My Lords, I thanke you for **Horatio**.

Cas. Hieronimo, the reason that I sent
To speake with you, is this.

Hiero. What, so short? Then lie be gone, I thanke you for't.

Cas. Nay stay Hieronimo; goe call him Sonne.

Loz. Hieronimo, my Father craues a word with you.

Hier. With me sir? why my L. I thought ynu had done.

Loz. No, would he had.

Cas. Hier. I heare you find your selfe agreed at my Sonne
Because you haue not accesse vnto the King:

And say, tis hee that intercepts your sues.

Hiero. Why, is not this a miserable thing my Lord?

Cas. Hieronimo, I hope you haue no cause,
And would be loth that one of your deserts,
Should once haue reason to suspect my Sonne,
Considering how I thinke of you my selfe.

Hiero. Your Sonne Lozenzo, whom my noble Lord,
The hope of Spaine, mine honorable friend?
Graunt mee the combate of them, if they dare.

Drawes out his sword.

Hee meete him face to face to tell mee so:
These be the scandalous reportes off such,
As loue not mee, and hate my Lord too much.
Should I suspect Lozenzo would preuent
Or crosse my fate, that loued my Sonne so well:
My Lord, I am ashamed it shuld be laid.

Loz. Hieronimo, I never gaue you cause.

Hier. My good Lord, I know you did not.

Cas. There then pause, and for the satisfaction of the world
Hieronimo, frequent my homelie house,
The Duke of Castile, Cipriano's ancient Seate,
And when thou wilst, vse me, my Sonne, and it.

The Spanish Tragedie.

But heere before Prince Balthazar and mee,
Embrace each other, and be perfect friendes.

Hie. I marry my Lord, and shall:
Friends (quoth hee) see, Ile be friends with you all:
Specially with you my loe lie Lord,
For diuers causes it is fit for vs,
That we be friendes the world is suspitious,
And men may thinke what we imagine not.

Bal. Why this is friendlie done Hieronimo.

Loz. And that I hope old grudges are forgot.

Hie. What els, it were a shame it should not be so.

Cas. Come on Hieronimo, at my request,
Let vs entreat your compaine to day.

Exeunt.

Hier. Your Lordships to commaued,
Pha: keepe your way.
Mic: i misa: Pui Correza Che non sult
Tradito niba etrade vult.

Epit.

Enter Ghost and Reuenge.

Ghost.
Awake Eritha, Cerberus awake,
Solicite Pluto gentle Proserpin,
To combate Achindon and Erichus in Hell:
For need by Stir, and Phlegeton
Nor terried Caron to the fierie lakes,
Such fearefull fights, as poore Andrea sees.
Reuenge awake.

Reuenge. Awake, for why?

Ghost. Awake Reuenge, for thou art ill aduisde,
To sleepe, away; what, thou art warnd to watch.

Reuenge. Content thy selfe, and do not trouble me.

Ghost. Awak. Reuenge, It loue, as I loue hath had,
Haue yet the power or piciualance in Hell.
Hieronimo with Lozenzo is joynd in league,
And intercepts our passage to reuenge:
Awake Reuenge, or we are woe begone.

Re. Thus

The Spaniard's Tragedie.

Ks. Thus worldlings ground what they haue dreamd vpon,
Content thy selfe **Andrea**, though I sleepe,
Yet is my mood soliciting their soules,
Sufficeth thee that poore **Hieronimo**,
Cannot forget his Sonne **Horatio**:
Nor dies **Reuenge**, although he sleepe awhile,
For in vnpierced, quietnesse is found:
And slumbring is a commen worldly wile,
Behold **Andrea** for an instance, how
Reuenge hath slept, and then imagine thou,
What tis to be subiect to **Destinie**.

Enter a dumbe shew.

Ghost. Awake **Reuenge**, reveale this Mysterie.

Reuen. The two first, the nuptiall Torches bore,
As bright burning as the mid-dayes Sunne:
But after them, doth **Himen** hic as fast,
Clothed in Sable, and a Saffron robe,
And blowes them out, and quenceth them with blood,
As discontent that things continue so.

Ghost. Sufficeth mee, thy meaning's vnderstood,
And thankes vnto thee, and those internall powers,
That will not tollerate a Louers woe:
Rest thee, for I will sit to see the rest.

Reuen. Thus argue not, for thou hast thy request.

Exiunt.

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter **Bel-imperia** and **Hieronimo**.

Bel-imperia.

Isthis the loue thou bearst **Horatio**?
Isthis the kindnes that thou counterfaites?
Are these the frutes of thine incessant teares?

Hieronimo. are these thy passions,

K 2

Thy

The Spanish Tragedie.

Thy protestations and thy deepe lamentes,
That thou wert wont to weare men withall,
O vnkind Father O deceitfull world,
with what excuses canst thou shew thy selfe?
with what dishonour, and the hate of men:
From this dishonour, and the hate of men,
Thus to neglect the life and losse of him,
Whome both my letters, and thine owne beliefe
Assures thee to be causelesse slaughtered:
Hieronimo, for shame Hieronimo,
Be not a Historie to after tyme,
Of such ingratitude vnto thy Sonne:
Vnhappie Mother of such children then:
But monstrous Father, to forget so soone
The death of those, whom they with care and cost,
Hauē tended so, thus carelesse should be lost.
My selfe a stranger in respect of thee,
So loued his life as still I wish their deaths:
Nor shall his death be vareueng'd by mee,
Although I bear it out for fashions sake,
For heere I sweare, in sight of heauen and earth,
Shouldst thou neglect the loue thou shouldest retaine,
And give it ouer, and devise no more,
My selfe should send their hatefull soules to Hell,
That wrought his downefall, with extreamest death,
Hier. But may it be that Wel-imperia,
Vowes such reueng as she hath daind to say:
Why then I see that Heauen applies our drift,
And all the Saintes do sit soliciting
For vengence on thole cursed murderers.
Madame tis true, and now I finde it so:
I found a Letter written in your name,
And in that Letter, how Horatio dyed,
Pardon, O pardon Wel-imperia
My feare and care is not beleueing it,
Nor thinke, I thoughtlesse thinke vpon a meane,
To let his death be vntreuengde atfull:

And

And heere I row, so you but give consent,
And will conceale my resolution:
I will ere long determine of their deaths,
That causeles thus haue murdered my sonne.

Bel. Hieronimo. I will consent conceale,
And ought that may effect for thine auail,
Ioyne with thee to reueg Horatios death,
Hier. Oh then, whatcuer I devise,
Let me entreat y^e grace my practises:
For why the plot's already in my head.
Heere they are.

Enter Balthazar and Lorenzo.

Bal. How now, Hieronimo, What courting Bel imperia?
Hie. I my Lord, such courting as I promise you
She hath my heart; but you my Lord haue hers. **(helpe,**
Loz. But now, Hieronimo, or neuer wee are to entreat your
Hie. My helpe, why my good Lords assure your selues of me
For you haue giuen me caule, I by my faith haue you.

Bal. It please you at the entertainment of the Embassadoer
To grace the King so much as with a shew:
Now were your Studie so well furnished,
As for the passing of the first nights sport
To entertaine my Father with the like:
Or any such like pleasing motion,
Assure your selfe it would content them well.

Hiers. Is this all?

Bal. I, this is all,

Hiero. Why then Ile fit you, say no more.
When I was young, I gaue my minde,
And plyde my selfe to fruitlesse Poetrie:
Which thoughtit profite the Professor naught,
Yet is it passing pleasing to the world,

Loz. And how for that?

Hiero. Marrie, my good Lord, thus:
And yet mee thinke you are too quicke with vs,
When in Tolado, there I studied,
It was my chaunce to write a Tragedie:

The spaniſh Tragedie.

See heere my Lords, **He shewes them a Booke.**
Which long forgot, I found this other day:
Now would your Lordships fauour mee so much,
As but to grace mee with y our acting it;
I meane, each one of you to play a part:
Assure you, it will prooue most passing strange,
And wonderous plauisble to that assemblie.

Mal. What? would you haue vs play a Tragedie?

Hier. Why? **Pero** thought it no disparagment,
And Kings Emperours haue tane delight,
To make experiance of their wits in Playes.

Loz. Nay he not angrie good **Hieronimo**,
The Prince but asked a question.

Mal. In fayth **Hieronimo**, and you be in earnest,
He make one.

Loz. And I another.

Hiero. Now (my Lord) could you intreat
Your sister **Bel-imperia** to make one;
For what's a Play without a Woman in't?

Bel. Little intreatie shall serue me **Hieronimo**;
For I must needs be employed in your Play.

Hier. Why this is well; I tell you Lordings,
It was determined to haue been act'd
By Gentlemen, and Schoollers too,
Such as could tell what to speake.

Mal. And now it shall be said, by Princes and Courtiers,
Such as can tell how to speake:
If (as it is our Countrey manner)
You will but let vs know the Argument.

Hier. That shall I soundly. The **Chronicles of Spaine**,
Record this written, of a Knight of Rhodes;
Hee was betrothed, and wedded at the length,
To one **Persedas**, an Italian Dame,
Whose Beautie rauished all that her behelds;
Especially the soule of **Soliman**,
Who at the mariage was the chiefeſt guest:
By ſundrie meanes ſought **Soliman** to wianc,

Persedas

The Spanish Tragacie.

Persedas loue, and could not gaine the same: Then gan he breake his passions to a friend, One of his Bashawes, whom he held full deare: Her had this Bashaw long solicited, And saw she was not otherwise to be wonne, But by her Husbands death, this Knight of Rhodes: Whom presently, by trecherie he slew, Shee stirde with an exceeding hate therefore, As cause of this, slew Soliman: And to escape the Bashawes tyannie, Did stabbe her selfe: and this is the Tragedie.

Lor. O excellent!

Bel. But say, Hieronimo, What then became of him? That was the Bashaw:

Hier. Marry thus: mooved with remorse of his misdeedes, Ran to a Mountaine top and hangd himselfe.

Bel. But which of vs is to performe that part?

Hiero. O, that will I my Lords; make no doubt of it, Ile play the murderer I warrant you, For I alreadie haue concerte that.

Bel. And what shall I?

Hier. Great Soliman the Turkish Emperour.

Lor. And I?

Hier. Crasto, the Knight of Rhodes.

Bel. And I?

Hiero. Perseda, chaste, and resolute.

And heere, my Lords are seuerall abstracts drawne, For each of you to note your parts, And act it as occasion's offered you. You must provide a Turkish Cappe, A blacke Mustacio, and a Faucon.

Gives a paper to Walt.

You, with a Croſſe, like a Knight of Rhodes.

Gives another to Lor.

And Madame, you must attire your ſ��e

Gives Bel. another.

Like Phabe, Flora, or the Huntiffe,

Which

The Spanish Tragedie.

Which to your discretion shall seeme best.
And as for mee my Lords, Ie looke to one,
And with the Ransome that the Vice-roy sent,
So furnish and performe this Tragedie,
As all the world shall say Hieronimo
Was liberall in gracing of it so.

Bal. Hieronimo, mee thinkes a Comedie were better.

Hier. A Comedie sic; Comedies are fit for common wits,
But to present a Kingly troupe withall,
Give mee a stately written Tragedie,
Tragedia cothornata, fitting Kings,
Containing matter, and not common things.
My Lords, all this must be performed,
As fitting for the first nights reuelling.
The Italian Tragedians were so sharpe of wit,
That in one hours meditation,
They would performe any thing in action.

Loz. And well it may, for I haue scene the like
In Paris, mongst the French Tragedians.

Hier. In Paris, Masse and well remembred,
There's one thing more that restes for vs to doe.

Bal. What's that Hieronimo? forget not any thing.

Hier, Each one of vs must act his part
In vnuowne languages,
That it may breed the more varietie:
As you (my Lord) in Latin, I in Greeke:
You in Italian; and for because I know
That Bel-imperia hath practised the French,
In courtly French shall all her phrases be.

Bel. You meane to try my cunning then Hieronimo.

Bal. But this will be a meere confusion,
And hardly shall we all be vnderstood.

Hier. it must be so, for the conclusion
Shall produc the inuention, and all was good:
And I may se: in an Oration,
And with a strange and wonderous shew besides
That I will haue there behind a Curtaine,

Affuse.

The Spanish Tragorne

Assure your selfe, shall make the matter knownen,
And all shall be concluded in one Scene,
For there's no pleasance tane in tediousnes.

Wal. How like you this?

Loz. Why thus, my Lord we must resolve,
To sooth his humours vp.

Wal. On then, Hieronimo, farewell till soone.

Hier. youl ply this geere?

Loz. I warrant you.

Exeunt all but Hieronimo.

Hiero. I, why so? now shall I see the fall of Babylon,
wrought by the Heauens, in this confusio[n]:
And if the world like not this Tragedie,
Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo,

Exe.

Cater Isabella with a weapon.

Isa. Tell mee no more, O monstrous Homicides,
Since neither pietie nor pittie moues,
The King to Justice or compassion,
I will reuenge my selfe vpon this place,
Where they murdered my beloued Sonne:

She cuts downe the Arbour.

Downe with these Branches, and these loathsome Boughes,
Of this vnsfortunate and fatall Pine:
Downe with them Isabella, rent them vp,
And burne the rootes from whence the rest is sprung:
I will not leaue a roote, a stalke, a tree,
A bough, a branch, a blossome, nor a leafe,
No, not an hearbe, within this Garden plot.
Accursed complot of my miserie,
Fruitelesse for euer may this Garden bee:
Barren the Earth, and blesselesse whosoever
Imagines not to keepe it vnmoured.
An Easterne winde commixt with noysome ayres,
Shall blast the Plants, and the young Saplings,
The Earth with Serpents shall be pestered,
And passengers for feare to be infect,
Shall stand aloofe, and looking at it, tell:

L.

There

The Spanish Tragedie.

There murdred, died the Sonne of Isabell:
I, heere he di'd, and heere I him imbrace:
See where his Ghost solicites with his wounds
Reuenge on her, that should reuenge his death.
Hieronimo, make haste to see thy Sonne,
For sorrow and dispaire hath cited mee,
To heare Horatio plead with Radamant.
Make hast Hieronimo, to hold excuside
Thy negligence in pursuite of their deaths,
Whose hatefull wrath bereau'd him of his breath.
Ah ha, thou doest delay their deaths,
Forgives the murderers of thy noble Sonne,
And none but I, bestirre mee to no end:
And as I curse this tree from further fruite,
So shall my wombe be cursed for his sakes
And with this weapon will I wound the breast,
The haplesse breast that gaue Horatio sucke.

She stabs her selfe.

Enter Hieronimo, hee knockes vp the Curtaine.

Enter the Duke of Castile.

Cass. How now Hieronimo, where's your fellowes,
That you take all this paine?
Hiero. O hir, it is for the Authors credite,
To looke that all things may go well:
But good my Lord, let me intreat your Grace,
To give the King the Coppie of the Play:
This is the Argument of what we shew.

Cass. I will, Hieronimo.

Hier. One thing more, my good Lord,

Cass. What's that?

Hier. Let me intreat your Grace,
That when the traine are past into the Gallerie,
You would vouchsafe to throw me downe the Key.

Cass. I will Hieronimo.

Hier. What are you readie Balthazar?
Bring a Chaire and a Cushin for the King.

Exit Cass.

Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter Balthazar with a Chaire.

Well done Balthazar, hang vp the Tilt:

Our Scene is Rhodes: What is your Beard on?

Bal. Halfe on, the other is in my hind.

Hier. Dispatch for shame, you are so long.

Crit Bal.

Bethinke thy selfe Hieronimo,

Recall thy wits, recount thy former wronges

Thou hast receiued, by murder of thy Sonne,

And lastly, not least, how Isabell,

Once his Mother, and thy dearest

All woe be gone for him: hath slayne thy selfe:

Behooes thee then Hieronimo to be eng'd,

The plot is layde of dire reuenge, and as bad they wolt

On then Hieronimo perinde, to be eng'd.

For nothing wants but a reuenge,

Crit Hier.

Enter Spanish King

oy, Duke of Castile,

frame.

King. Now tis the time to see the Tragedie

Of Soliman, the Turk, and our

Performde of pleasure, our Sonne the Prince,

My Nephew, Don Lope, and my Neece,

Wife. Who, Wel?

King. I, and Hieronimo our Marshall,

At whose request, they did so dote them-selues.

These be our pastimes in the Court of Spaine.

Heere Brother, you shall be the Booke-keeper,

This is the Argument of that they shew.

He gives him a Booke.

Gentlemen, this Play of Hieronimo in sundrie Languages, was
thought good to be set lowne in English, more largely,
for the easier understanding to every
publique Reader.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter Balthazar, Bel-imperia, and Pieronimo,
Balthazar.

Balthazar, that Rhodes is ours, yeld Heauensthe honour,
And holy Maysomet our sacret Prophet:
And be thou grac't with euery excellency,
That Soliman can giue, or thou desire
But thy deserte in conquering Rhodes is lesse
Then in reseruing this faire Christian Nymph
Perseda, blisfull lampe of excellency,
Whose eyes compell like powerfull Adamant,
The warlike heart of Soliman to waite.

King. See Vice-roy, that is Balthazar your Sonne,
That represents the Emperour Soliman:
How well he actes his amorous passion.

Vice. I, Bel-imperia hath taught him that.

Castile. That's because his minde runs all on Bel-imperia.

Vic. What cuerioy earth yeeldes, betide your Maiestie.

Bal. Earth yeeldes no ioy, without Persedas loue.

Pier. Then let Perseda on your Grace attende.

Bal. She shall not waight on mee, but I on her
Drawne by the influence o' her lights, I yeeld,
But let my friend the Rhodian knight come foorth,
Crasto, dearest then my life to mee.
That he may see Perseda my beloued.

Enter Crasto

King. Heere comes Lorenzo, lookevpon the plot,
And tell me brother, what part playes he?

Bel. Ah, my Crasto: welc'm to Perseda,

Cra. Thrie happy is Crasto, that thou liuest,
Rhodes losse is nothing to Crastoes ioy,
Sith his Perseda, liues his life turuues.

Bal. Ah, Balthazar, heere is loue betwixt Crasto
And faire Perseda, louera grie of my soule.

Vic. Remooue Crasto mighty Soliman,
And then Perseda will be quick'y woone.

Bal. Crasto is my friend, and while he liues,
Perseda neuer will remoue her loue.

Pier. Let

The Spanish Tragēcie.

Hier. Let not Crasto live, to grieue great Holiman.

Wal. Deare is Crasto in our Princely eye.

Hier. But if he be your riuall, let him die.

Wal. Why let him die, so loue commaundeth mee:

Yet grieue I that Crasto should so die.

Hier Crasto, Holiman saluteth thee,
And lets thee wit by mee his Highnes will:
Which is, thou shouldest be thus employde.

Stab him.

Bel. Aye mee Crasto, I see Holiman Crastos flaine.

Wal. Yet liueth Holiman to comfort thee:

Faire Queene of Beautie, let not Fauour die,
But with a gracious eye behold his griefe.
That with Versedas Beautie is encreast:
If by Versedas griefe be not releast.

Bel. Tyrant, desist soliciting vaine suites,
Relentlesse are mine cares to thy lamentes;
As thy Butcher is pitilesse, and base,
Which seazd on my Crasto harmelesse Knight,
Yet by thy power, rhou thinkest to commaund,
And to thy power Verseda doeth obey:
But were she able, thus she woul'd reuenge
Thy tretcheries, on thee ignoble Prince:

Let her stab him.

And on her selfe, she would be thus reueng'd.

Stab her selfe.

King Well said old Marshall, this was brauely done.

Hier. But Wal-imperia playes Verseda well.

Wice. Were this in earnest Wal-imperia,
You would be better to my Sonne, then so,

King But now what followes for Hieronimo?

Hiero. Marry, this fellowes for Hieronimo.
Heere breake we off our sundrie Languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue:
Happely you thinke (but bootelesse be your thoughts)
That this is fabulously counterfaite,
And that we doe as all tragedians doe,

The Spanish Tragedie.

To die to day for fashioning our Scene)
The death of Atar or some Romane Peere,
And in a minute starting vp againe,
Reuiue to please to morrowes audience.
No Princes: knew I am Hieronimo,
The hopelesse father of a haplesse sonne,
Whose tongue is tun'd to tell his latest tale,
Not to excuse grosse errours in the Play.
I see your lookes vrg e instance of these wordes:
Behold the reason vrging me to this.

He shewes his dead Sonne.

See heere my shew, looke on this spectacle:
Heere lay my hope, and heere my hope heath end:
Heere lay my heart, and heere my heart was slaine:
Heere lay my treasure, heere my treasure lost:
Heere lay my blisse, and heere my blisse bereft:
But hope, heart, treasure, joy, and blisse:
All fled, faild, died; yea all decayde with this:
From foorth these woundes came breath, that gaue me life:
They murdered mee, that made these fatall markes:
The cause was Loue, whence grew this mortall Hate;
The Hate, Lorenzo, and young Balthazar;
The Loue, my Sonne to Wel-imperia.
But Night, the coueter of accursed crimes,
With pitchie silence hush't the traytors harmes.
And lent them leau'e, for they had sorted leasure
To take aduantage in my Garden plot,
Vpon my Sonne, my deare Horatio.
There, mercilesse they butchered vp my Boy,
In blacke darke night to pale dimme cruell Death:
Hee shrikt, I heard and yet mee thinkes I heare
His distmall out-crie echo in the ayre:
With soonest spedde I hasted to the noyse:
Where hanging on a tree, I found my Sonne,
Through girt with wounds, and slaughtered, as you sees,
And greeued I (thinke you)at this spectacle,
Speake Portingales, whose losse resembles mine,

If

The Spanish Tragedie.

If thou canst weepe vpon thy Balthazar?
Tis like I waild for my Horatio.
And you, my Lord, whose reconciled Sonne,
Marcht in a Net, and thought himselfe vseene,
And rated mee for brainesickelunacie;
Which God amende, that madde Hieronimo.
How can you brooke our Playes Catastrophe?
And heere behold this bloodie hand-kercher,
Which at Horatiodes death I weeping dipt
Within the riuier of his bleeding woundes:
It as propitious; see I haue reserved,
And neuer haue it left my bloodie heart,
Soliciting remembraunce of my vow,
With these, O these accursed murderers,
Which now performide, my heart is satisfied:
And to this end the Balthazar I became,
That might revenge me on Lozenzoes life:
Who therefore was appoynted to the part,
And was to present the Knight of Rhodes,
That I might kill him more conueniently.
So Vice-roy, was this Balthazar thy Sonne,
That Holiman, which Bel-imperia
In person of Perseida murdered:
Solely appoynted to that tragicke part,
That she might slay him that offended her.
Poore Bel-imperia mist her part in this;
For though the Storie saith she should haue died,
Yet I of kindnesse, and of care to her,
Did otherwise determine of her end.
But loue of him, whom they did hate too much,
Did vrge her resolution to be such.
And Princes, now behold Hieronimo,
Author and actor in this Tragedie:
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist:
And will as resolute conclude his part,
As any of the Actors gone before.
And Gentles, thus I end my Play,

Vrgc

The Spanish Tragedie.

Vrgeno more wordes, I haue no more to say.

He runs to hang him selfe.

King. O hearken Vice-roy: hold Hieronimo:
Brother, my Nephew and thy Sonne, are slaine.

Vice. We are betraydes; my Balthazar is slaine,
Breake opethe doores; run, saue Hieronimo.

They breake in, and hold Hieronimo.

Hieronimo, Doe but informe the King of these euents,
Vpon mine Honour, thus shalt haue no haime.

Hier. Vice-roy, I will not trust thee with my life,
Which I this day haue offered to my Sonne:
Accursed wretch, why stay'st thou him that was resolud to die?

King. Speake Traytor, damned bloodie murderer, speake:
For now I haue thee, I will make thee speake:
Why hast thou done this vndeseruing deeds?

Vice. Why hast thou murdered my Balthazar?

Cast. Why hast thou butchered both my Children thus?

Hier. But are you sure they are dead?

Cast. I haue too sure.

Hier. What and yours too?

Vice. I, all are dead, not one of them suruive.

Hier. Nay then I care not; come, and we shall be friends,
Let vs lay our heades togeather,

See heere's a goodly howse will hold them all.

Vice, O damned Diuell, how secure he is.

Hier. Secure, why doest thou wonder at it?

I tell thee Vice-roy, this day I haue scene reueng'd,

And in that sight am growne a prouder Monarch,

Then euer late vnder the Crowne of Spaine:

Had I as many liues as there be Starres,

As many Heauens to go to as those liues,

Ide give them all; I and my soule to boote,

But I would see thee ride in this red poole.

Cas. Speake, who were thy confederates in this?

Vice. That was thy Daughter Bel-imperia,

For by her hand my Balthazar was slaine;

I say

The Spanish Tragedie.

I saw her stab him.

Hie. O good wordes: as deare to me was my Horatio.

As yours, or yours, or yours my L. to you,

My guiltlesse sonne was by Lorenzo slaine.

And, by Lorenzo, and that Balthazar,

Am I at last revenged thorowly.

Vpon whole soules may heauens be yet revenged,

With greaterfarre then these afflictions.

Mee thinkes since I grew inward with Revenger,

I cannot locke with scorne enough on Death.

King. What, doest thou mocke vs slaye: bring torturis foorth.

Pier. Doe, doe, doe, and meane time Ile torture you:

You had a Sonne(as I take it) and your Sonne

Should ha'e been married to your daughter: ha, wast not so?

You haad a sonne too, he was my Lieges Nephew,

He was proude and politike, had he lued,

He mighta come to weare the crowne of Spaine,

I thinke twas so: twas I that killed him,

Looke you his lame hand, twas it that stab'd

His heart, Doe you see this hand?

For one Horatio, if you euer knew him

A youth, one that they hanged vp in his fathers Garden;

One that did force your valiant Sonne to yeld,

While your more valiant Sonne did take him prisoner.

Wice. Be deate my Sences; I can heare no more.

King. Fall Heauen, and couer vs with thy sad ruines.

Cast Rowle all the world within thy pitchie cloude.

Pier. Now doe I applaud what I haue acted.

Prince mets tadae manus.

Now to expreise the iupture of my part,

First take my tongue, and afterward my heart.

He bites out his tongue.

King. O monstrous resolution of a wretch:

See Wice roy, hee hath bitten foorth his tongue,

Rather then to reveale what wee requirde.

Cas. Yet can he write.

M. King

The Spanish Tragedie.

King. And if in this he satisfie vs not,
Wee will deuise th' extreameſt kind of death,
That euer was inuented for a wretch.

He makes ſig[n]es for a knife to mend his pen,

Cas. O, hee would haue a knife to mend his pen.

Vice. Heere, and aduile thee, that thou write the trouth.
Looke to my Brother : ſave Hieronimo.

He with the knife, ſlaps the Duke, and himſelfe.

King. What age hath euer heard ſuch monſtous deedes?
My Brother and the whole ſuccēding hope,
That Spaine expected, after my diſease.
Goe beare his bodie hence, that we may mourne,
The loſſe of our beloved Brothers death,
That he may be in tomb'd what ere befall:
I am the next the neareſt last of all.

Vice. And thou Don Pedro, doe the like for vs:
Take vp our hapleſſe Sonne, vntimely ſlaine,
Set mee with him and hee with weſfull mee:
Vpon the Maine maſt of a ſhippe vntand,
And let the Winde and Tide haile mee along
To Hills barking and vntamed griete:
Or to the lothſome Poole of Achiron,
To weepe my want for my ſweete Balthazar.
Spaine hath no retuge for a Portingale,

Exeunt.

The Trumpets ſounde a dead March, the King of Spaine
mourning after his brothers body: and the King of Por-
tingale bearing the body of his Sonne.

Enter Ghost, and Rouenge.

Ghost.

I, now my hopes haue end in their effects;
When Blood and Sorrow finiſh my deſires:
Horatio murdered in his fathers Bower,
Vile Herbertiſt by Pedringano ſlaine:

False

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY.

False Pedringano hanged by quaint deuices,
Faire Isabella by her falle mildone,
Prince Balthazar by Bel-imperia stab'd,
The Duke of Castile and his wicked Sonnes,
Both done to death by old Hieronimo,
My Bel-imperia faine as Dido felle,
And good Hieronimo slaine by him selfe.
I, these were spectacles to please my soule.
Now will I be gge at louelie Rosetpine,
That by the vertue of her Princelie doome,
I may consort my friendes in pleasing sorte,
And on my fooes worke iust and sharpe reuenge.
Ile lead my friend Horatio through those fieldes,
Where never dying Warres are still inurde.
Ile lead faire Isabella to that traine,
Where pittie weepes, but never feeleth paine,
Ile lead my Bel-imperia to those ioyes,
That Vestall Virgins, and faire Queenes possesse.
Ile lead Hieronimo where Daphneus playes,
Adding sweete pleasure to eternall dayes.
But say Reuenge, for thou must helpe, or none,
Against the rest, how shall my hate be showne:

REVENGE.

This hand shall hale them downe to deepest Hell,
Wher nought but Furies, Bugges, and Tortures dwell.

HOST.

Then sweete Reuenge, doe this at my request,
Let mee be Judge, and doome them to vnrest:
Let loose poore Titius from the Vultures gripe,
And let Don Ciprian supplie his roome.
Place Don Lorenzo on Itrions wheele,
And let the Louers endles paines turcease,
Juno forgets old wrath, and grants him easse.
Hang Balthazar about Chineras necke,
And let him there bewaile his bloodie loue,
Repining at our ioyes that are aboue.

M 2.

Let

Let **Herberine** goe to oule the fatall Stone,
And take from **Sicapus** his endlesse mony.
False **Pedringano** for his trecherie,
Let him be dragde through boyling **Acheron**:
And there liue, dying still in endlesse flames,
Balspheming Gods, and all the r holy names.

REVENGE.

Then haste wee downe to meeete thy friends and foes,
To place thy friendes in ease, the rest in woes:
For heere, though Death hath end their miserie,
He there begin their endlesse Tragedie.

FINIS.

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